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THE

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

APRIL 1961—35¢

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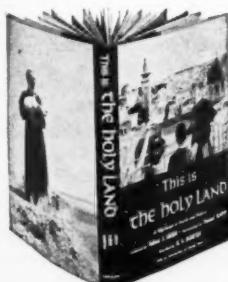
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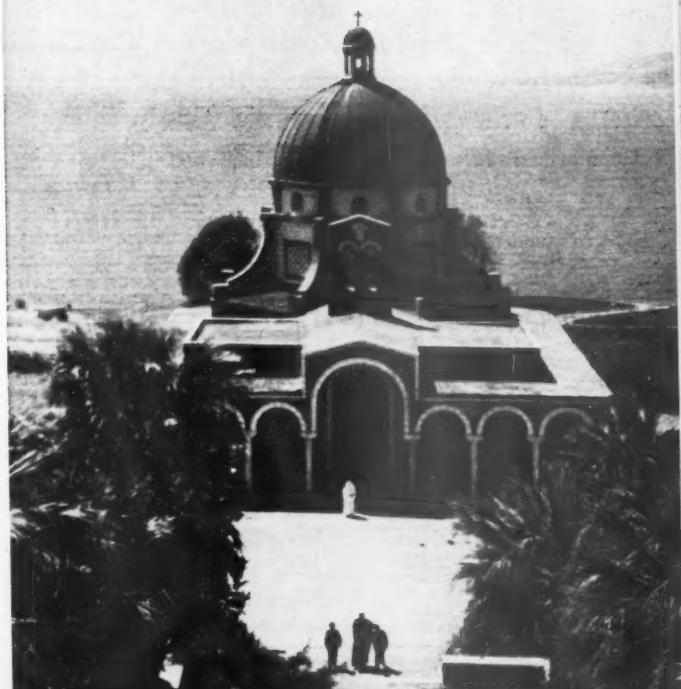
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LETTERS

COMMUNIST EXPLOSION

I have just finished reading David Finley's article "The Caribbean is Exploding" (January) and wish to commend him for his story alerting the people of America to the threat of communism to our continent, mainly in the republic of Central America. There are too many people who don't realize communism is too close for comfort.

I would like also to commend Mr. Finley for stressing the part we in the Catholic Church must play in combatting this threat by helping the people of these countries to raise their social conditions so that communism will not have a place to start.

DICK WRIGHT

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

... One of the best freelance reports I have ever read. And knowing David Finley's reputation, I am sure it was the true inside story.

I never knew that the tiny Central American countries were in such bad need of missionary priests and good leaders.

When you read an article such as this, it *makes* you stop and think of the privileges we Americans have.

RON TINNEY

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

THE FRIENDLY SPIRIT

This is to commend you for your February cover of the head of the Anglican Communion, the Archbishop of Canterbury. This was in keeping with the spirit of the Pope's gracious hospitality in the Vatican visit initiated by the Archbishop. You on the editor's page and Andrew Boyle in his article had some good things to say and I liked the friendliness toward, and appreciation of, this historic visit. . . .

Parts of Mr. Boyle's article were good. Other parts apparently had no purpose but to deprecate and fell considerably short of the Pope's example. Particularly on his statement concerning the percentage of Anglicans practicing the faith does he deserve being taken to task. Perhaps he thinks only six million

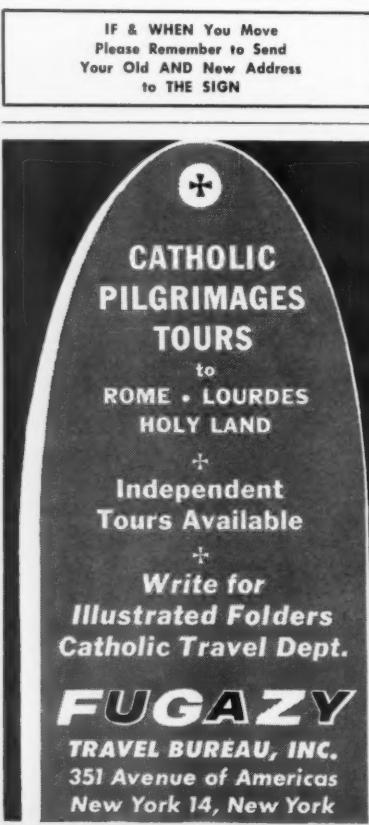
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of them are practicing Christians because he views the English scene. I hope someone reminds him that church-going apathy in England is a present English phenomenon and not peculiarly an Anglican one. Emphatically it does not square with Anglican Church life outside England. As for there being thirty-five million Anglicans worldwide, he quotes the figure for 1935. The present total is slightly in excess of fifty million. . . .

WILLIAM T. NALLE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

As an Episcopalian who occasionally reads your fine magazine, let me compliment you on its good taste, interesting content, and recently for your picture and article about the Archbishop of Canterbury and his visit to Rome. While I do not agree with all you said in your article, I agree with your conclusions that the dialogue now should be continued at a hundred different levels. . . .

I would like to add my protest to your other Episcopalian reader who, in the February issue, points out that Father Lynch should not flatly designate Episcopalians to the "Protestant" denominations. . . .

We are not Protestants in the sense that word has come to mean today. We are pro-testants in that we do protest the doctrine of papal infallibility, but we do not protest for one minute the ancient, holy faith. . . .

We should pray for all far-sighted men like Pope John and the Archbishop, for all movements for unity, and for all sincere Christians who view the divisions with dismay and ask our heavenly Father to answer our prayer without qualifying it for Him.

H. LEE SMITH

DENVER, COLO.

THE FAITH OF LINCOLN

I want to write and tell you how much I enjoyed your article "Lincoln's Faith in God." (February) It is refreshing to know the spiritual side of this great man.

JOSEPH SHELLEY
MECHANICSBURG, PA.

. . . very interesting. It goes to show people how a great man humbled himself in the eyes of God.

JOHN SARIANO
HUMMELSTOWN, PA.

A MISSIONARY FRIEND

I was so fortunate to receive your wonderful magazine for many years through the generosity of an American friend. You will never dream what this gift meant to me, a lonely Dutch missionary in the jungles of Vaupes, Rio Negro, and Orinoco rivers, where I spent thirty-two years of my life. I have no words to express my gratitude.

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IT'S THEIR OWN FAULT

I'd like to comment on your remarks about the aging in the February issue ("More on the Aged," page 18). I think many of the problems of the aging are due to themselves. They have a false philosophy and a wrong idea of the economics of retirement. They cannot continue to live in a big house and drive a big car on a diminished or nonexistent income . . .

Yet they are too proud to move to smaller quarters. They will have to be educated that it is the Christian thing to come down a few notches . . .

MRS. CLARENCE RUHLAND
SPRING GREEN, WIS.

WHAT A BISHOP IS

May I congratulate you on your recent article "What is a Bishop?"

(February). I never read THE SIGN much, but now I will because of that excellent article . . .

JAMES SNOKE

CAMP HILL, PA.

. . . Every Catholic should read it. It tells what every Catholic should know about bishops.

DAN SULLIVAN

HARRISBURG, PA.

"IT HAPPENED TO ME"

I was reading THE SIGN on the way to work and, while reading "It Happened to Me" (February), found tears coming to my eyes. I thought about it and am sure the reason for them was the fact that I have been keeping steady company with the boy I'm planning to marry and also that this same thing as the author stated "can happen to you." I pray it doesn't. Thank you for publishing this article . . .

NAME WITHHELD

A most inspiring article and one I shall always remember.

St. Joseph's in Scranton is a "heaven on earth" to girls with this terrible problem. A million dollars could never pay for the kindness and understanding received at St. Joseph's . . .

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NAME WITHFIELD

This young girl has expressed my own feelings so much that it could have been me talking. Everything that she says is so true about education, parents, everything. After reading this article, I wonder if I'll have the courage to tell my mother the truth, after all the heartaches she's had in the past years of her life, and how she will be hurt since I'm her youngest and supposed to be the best one. I keep telling myself I can run away or do something that wouldn't hurt her. After reading this article, I realize that I would only be hurting myself and her for not trusting and having faith in God and her love...

Thank the young woman for the article and tell her I respect her for the courage to tell others about her problem in hopes of straightening them out.

NAME WITHFIELD

ESPECIALLY THE STORIES

I have always enjoyed your magazine, but have especially bought it for the stories, which I used as an excuse to forward them on to my non-Catholic mother.

I do hope you will not discontinue them, as besides bringing enjoyment, they have been wonderful opinion-molders in a non-obvious way which adds to their effectiveness.

M. MCHARGUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

DYNAMITE

Yesterday I picked up (Ah, finally!) the October, 1960, issue of *THE SIGN* and was actually able to sit down for an afternoon of reading. One of the shortest of your various articles, "The Amateur God," by Damian Reid, C.P., is two pages of closely packed dynamite. Since yesterday I have read it three times. And it is certain I shall read it again and again, for it is a writing which I shall keep in my large book of savings.

MRS. JULIE RICHIE

STACY, MINN.

MORE ABOUT JOAN?

I read with great interest Bishop Wright's article "Why the Church Loves Joan of Arc." (December) . . .

I looked forward to reading in the letters-to-the-editor section, letters from others regarding Bishop Wright's article and was surprised to find only one brief note from a Canadian gentleman thanking you for printing the article. I had honestly expected to see more. . . .

JOHN P. MCKENNA
NO. PLAINFIELD, N. J.

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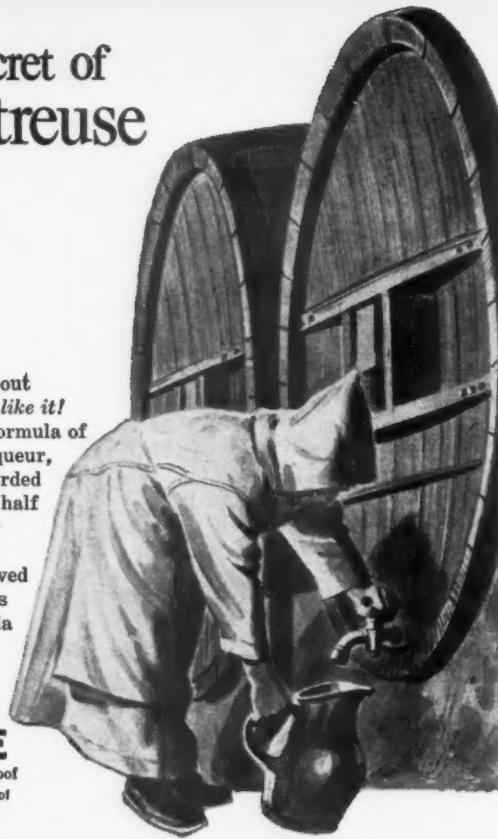


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EPISODES
FROM OUR
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Grant's Tribute

When President Ulysses S. Grant arrived in Springfield, Illinois, in October, 1874, to attend the dedication of the Lincoln Monument in Oak Ridge Cemetery, he astonished officials by requesting that the memorial be unveiled by two Catholic Sisters as a token of appreciation to all the nuns who had served as war nurses. Grant personally knew of the heroic self-sacrifice of the Sister-nurses on Civil War battlefields.

There was consternation when Grant was told that the only nuns in Springfield were cloistered, therefore unable to accept the honor offered. Father P. J. Macken spoke up: "Why, I have Sisters of St. Dominic from Kentucky teaching in our school at Jacksonville. I am sure they would come if Bishop Baltes gave permission."

A few hours later, President Grant received word from Bishop Baltes that Sister Josephine Meagher, superior at St. Patrick's convent in Jacksonville, and Sister Rachel, the eldest nun in the community and a war nurse from Kentucky, would leave early the next morning on the train ordered by the President.

At 10 A.M. on October 15, the procession to the monument formed, President Grant and his resplendently attired generals in the first carriage and the two quietly garbed but thrilled nuns in the second carriage. At the monument, the two Sisters were seated near the President, the governor, and assorted officials.

Thirty-four years later, in February 1909, Springfield had a three-day celebration of Lincoln's birth. President Taft and other prominent people were there. Sister Rachel had just died, and the committee in charge of the Lincoln ceremonies asked the hour of the nun's funeral.

When Sister Rachel's remains were borne past the Lincoln monument, on the way to Calvary Cemetery, the bell in the little chapel near the monument tolled in honor of the departed, old Sister-nurse of the Civil War, while an honor guard stood respectfully at the base of the monument she had helped unveil.

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THE SIGN

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



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The Sign's New Look

OME of our subscribers may have to look twice to recognize the current issue of **THE SIGN**. The cover design is radically different from any we have used in the past. For many years, the color bar across the top, with some variations in the lettering, had been a hallmark of the magazine. Discarding it in favor of a new design wasn't a matter of quick or easy decision. The change was made only after many months of careful study of dozens of designs submitted by experts. Even after the final selection, refinements were made until we arrived at what we think is a strong, clean, modern, well-balanced cover.

The reader will notice that there are also new designs for the heads of various departments: the Editor's Page, Current Fact and Comment, Letters, Spiritual Thought, Sign Post, Woman to Woman, and Book Reviews.

In the business world, packaging is considered extremely important. A product is often judged by its looks. This is equally true in publishing. The mass-circulation magazines know this and spend fabulous sums on color photos, four-color reproductions, elaborate art layouts, and highly paid art directors. The women's magazines can make a cake or a pot of pork and beans look like a work of art. And don't underrate their ingenuity. Try it yourself sometime, if you think you're a photographer.

We are not selling cake or pork and beans. Yet secular publications are a part of our competition. Lying on the table in the home, various magazines compete for attention and readership. Religious publications are at a disadvantage. People are inclined to think that because they are religious, they are necessarily uninteresting, a continuation in type of the Sunday sermon. Encourage that prejudice by a dull cover, careless layout, and old-fashioned typography and you lose readers to the secular publications. And readers are subscribers.

In the present issue, there are a few changes in content also. We have introduced a new, one-page feature, "You and Your Family," of special interest to married people.

We often hear the accusation that the Catholic press is humorless, that it is so absorbed with religious activities and world-shaking events that it hasn't time to laugh. We hope to remedy that situation a little, at least. With this issue we are introducing cartoons. They are not the slapstick nor the supersophisticated type. They are drawn by cartoonists who are among the most successful in America. We are also adding to the number of illustrated anecdotes. And, speaking of humor, let's not forget Red Smith's monthly column written especially for **THE SIGN**. Red is one of the best writers and top humorists in America today. He numbers among his regular readers some of the greatest literary figures in the English-speaking world, Ernest Hemingway among others. Many who would never think of reading a sports page read Red Smith for the quality of his writing and humor.

We are by no means forgetting the material that is the real substance of **THE SIGN**. We shall continue to take a hard, sharp look at the world around us in editorials and in the various departments that cover stage and screen, TV and radio, books, family interests, the spiritual life, and instruction in the faith through questions and answers. We look out on the world with catholic interests but through Catholic eyes. We want to help our readers to understand the momentous events of this time in which we live in the light of the principles of our faith.

WE ARE sparing no effort or expense. By mail, telephone, and cable we are in constant touch with important world centers. From a host of reports and suggestions we select the most significant. Recently we sent a photographer around the world to do picture stories we couldn't get otherwise. We have had writers and photographers in Africa and a writer-photographer team has just returned from South America with articles and picture stories for **THE SIGN**.

Our promotion department uses as a slogan an expression we used once on this page: "the best matter in the best manner." We hope we can prove to our readers that this is more than a mere slogan.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

THERE IS NO "WHITE" RACE



CHARLES HARPUTT

■ No matter how much they avoid saying it, the thinking of many Americans is infected with the egoistic error that the "white race is superior." Science shows there is a biological basis for classifying racial groups as Negro, Mongol, and European. But science knows of no special white race. Dr. George F. Carter, an anthropologist of national standing, takes up this challenging question in the following interview. Professor of geography at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Dr. Carter (Ph.D. University of California, Berkeley) was formerly Curator of Anthropology at the San Diego Museum of Man. He is the author of "Pleistocene Man at San Diego" (Johns Hopkins Press, 1957). Dr. Carter's scientific views on race are in harmony with the Catholic Church's teaching on the basic unity of mankind: that every man originates with the same Creator, is descended from common parents, and is called to a common destiny in life everlasting with God.

Through the ages, a process of

Dr. Carter, many people speak of the races of mankind. Do they deny the basic unity of the human race?

Some people, through ignorance or bigotry, deny this basic unity. But the expression "races of mankind" is also used by scientists who have no intention of denying the biological unity of the human race. They make general classifications of groups and speak of them as distinct "races," for example, the Negro, the European, and the Mongolian. Biologically, these races are all variations of the same human species, the human race.

Are you saying that, as a scientist, you are convinced that all these different groups of people had a common, human ancestry?

Yes.

Have scientists been able, geographically, to pinpoint the origin of that common ancestry?

Scientists are quite generally agreed that all men have had a common place of origin. It had to be in the Old World. It is clear that this had to take place somewhere in the warm belt from Southeast Asia across to Africa. For some decades now, the earliest stone tools and earliest manlike skeletons have been found there. Recently, parts of a skeleton have been found in Kenya, in East Africa. And right with the skeleton parts, stone tools were found.

How long ago do scientists figure that men lived there?

About 700,000 years ago.

How are scientists sure that the skeleton remains belonged to a man?

Because, whatever you call him, he made and used tools. This particular creature, tiny in size but with a brain capacity equal to that of the huge gorilla, was importing stone from miles away and breaking it up to get sharp pieces to work with. This is tool-making, and only man does such things.

Do you find any conflict between the theory of evolution and the creation of man by God?

Not in the least. Scripture tells us that God formed man out of the earth. The theory of evolution seeks to explain how that formation took place over a period of time. The important thing about a man, the main thing that sets him off from the animals, is his possession of a spiritual soul. Since the physical sciences are concerned with material things, you can hardly expect them to explain the *creation* of the soul—and the *nature* of the soul. The soul is an immaterial substance.

But even scientists must be concerned with the spiritual nature of man?

I readily admit that. But for knowledge of a man's spiritual nature, a scientist must get beyond the limitations of physical science and rely on philosophy, theology, and divine

revelation. Sound theology and science should not contradict but supplement each other.

As a scientist, how do you tell the difference between man and an animal?

That's easy. Scientists study the way creatures act. When we find a man making and using tools, we have found the products of a *mind* that was at work. It is because of his *power of mind* that man is mentally very different from his nearest relatives in the animal kingdom. Moreover, when a scientist finds a man worshiping, he rightly suspects the presence of a soul. So, when skeletal remains are on the borderline between an animal and a man, the scientist will seek further evidence of how the creature acted when alive in order to tell which he was, man or animal.

Granting man originated long ago, and possibly in East Africa, how did men today come to be so different? What about these "races of men"?

Races are biologically different groups of men. There is a Negro race, a European race, and a Mongol race. These are clear-cut cases of kinds of men with differing skin colors, body proportions, hair forms, and so forth.

On the other hand, there is no Jewish race. Negroes, Europeans, or Mongols may be Jews—that is, belong to the Jewish religion. There is no Irish race. That is a national group. There is no Germanic race. That is either a national group or a speech group; but in either case, it includes a number of biologically different groups.

You do not mention a white race? Why?

White skins mark only a minor group of the European or Mediterranean race. This kind of man is distributed all around the Mediterranean Sea. In color, it varies from the fair skin of the northwest Europeans, through the olive brown skins of the Mediterraneans, to the dark brown skins of the Ethiopians. Yet all people have characteristics that show that, under this variable coloring, they belong to one race. So there just isn't a white race.

How did the different races come about?

First, let's notice that there was plenty of time, if current scientific thinking is correct. Second, let's recognize that no two individuals are exactly alike. This is variation. It goes on all the time, among all peoples. Given hundreds of thousands of years, there was plenty of time for a significant amount of change. Finally, every land is different and puts different kinds of strain on human beings. This tends to favor some variations over others. This process we call selection. *Selection* acting over an immense amount of time on the constant *variation* found among any group of human beings can create, biologically, permanent, notable differences. These are racial differences.

That sounds reasonable. But why should Negroes be dark-skinned, frizzy-haired, flat-nosed, and thick-lipped?

Negroes are tropical people, historically. They are found

"selection" created racial types

close to the equator in Africa and in southeast Asia, including the island world north of Australia. They apparently have been there for a very long time. They have, in a sense, developed a permanent tan. Tropical sun is a terrific burden for fair-skinned people.

The short, curly hair of Negroes is fun to think of in the reverse. I notice around the office that in summer our long-haired girls pause in their typing to lift the hair off the back of their necks. The Negro girl, with a naturally "cool" hairdo, never has to do this. Her race lived in hot lands a long time. Her type of skin and hair, best suited to such lands, is unlikely to be an accident.

There are even more such traits. Negroes are short-trunked and long-limbed. This type of body construction gives the maximum of surface in proportion to body bulk. This is advantageous for losing heat—and in warm climates this is a great help. As for the flat noses and thick lips, we lack adequate explanation.

It is easy enough to see that for the Negro, but let's see you apply the influence of environment to the Mongols.

No difficulty. Let's start with body form. The Negro's relatively lean body form is at one extreme and the Mongols are at the other. Mongols tend to have short, thick bodies and relatively short limbs. The classic Mongol homeland is Inner Asia, a land of great winter cold. The body build of Mongols is good for heat conservation.

Europeans live in a variety of climates—from the hot areas of North Africa, to the mild areas of the Mediterranean, to the cold areas of northern Europe. As you might expect, Europeans are variable in body form.

Hair form is also interesting. Negroes have the shortest hair, and the more northerly races have the longer hair. The Mongols are beardless, as are the Negroes, while the Europeans are bearded.

How come the Mongols don't have beards? In a very cold climate, it seems such a home-grown muff would be very useful.

In a really cold climate, your breath freezes in your beard, and you are soon wearing an ice mask. Even north Europeans live in areas that are only moderately cold. Mongols live in lands of extreme cold. Most of Europe is between 30 and 50 degrees in January, while the Inner Asian homeland of the Mongols is between minus 20 and plus 10 in January. This makes the difference between having your breath freeze in your whiskers and having your whiskers protect your face.

That a beard and long hair are snug features in breezy, damp, cold weather is a fact well known to those that ride motorcycles. However, since beards and long hair are out of style, except in some rather odd social circles, we don helmets, neckerchiefs, and other equipment to achieve the same protection.

That sounds good for beards. How do you explain a white skin?

Interestingly enough, the white skin really is something to

be explained. All of mankind is brown-skinned and dark-haired and brown-eyed, except for one odd group. Only the northwest Europeans are light-skinned, light-eyed, and odd in hair color. When you consider what a handicap it is to be fair-skinned, you can guess that there would have to be some very good reason for being light-skinned. Light-skinned people are found in one of the dampest, cloudiest, and most sunless regions of the world. Besides northwest Europe, there are other such regions: the northwest coast of America, the southwest coast of South America, the South Island of New Zealand, and the island of Tasmania. Of all these areas, only the European was reached by man at a very early time. Access to the others was blocked by seas or by arctic cold. Is it an accident that we have light-skinned people in the cloudiest part of the earth that man could reach in the earliest time? It hardly seems likely.

But what selective factor was at work? It would have to be a strong one to overcome the unhappy effects of sunburn.

We have found the clue to this in the slums of London. There, light- and dark-skinned races live side by side in similar economic circumstances. The dark-skinned children have a much greater amount of rickets than do the light-skinned children. Rickets is related to poor diet, with a lack of needed vitamins, the kind of vitamin that can be created by irradiating the fats of the skin with sunlight. Dark skins block off the deep penetration of the sun's rays. Light skins let it in to do its beneficial work.

For a very long time, food supplies were often short, especially in winter. Malnutrition would then be common. Vitamin deficiencies would exist. Those individuals that could get a boost even in the dim winter sun of northwest Europe, most of which is in the latitude of Newfoundland, had a valuable asset. The lighter skinned had a better chance to survive in the sunless winters of the northwest. The effect of this kind of selection, over a great period of time, has been the emergence of fair-skinned, northwest European types out of an originally olive or brown-skinned type of man.

Does this variation go more than skin-deep? Are there physiological differences?

Yes. Negroes apparently have been exposed to malaria longer than the rest of mankind. We find they have a blood specialty called sickle cell anemia that is linked with resistance to malaria. Then, too, we are belatedly learning that there are some differences in basal metabolism between most of mankind and some of the people who lived virtually unclothed and unhouse in cold climates. The natives of Southern Australia and those of Tierra del Fuego at the extreme southern tip of South America had apparently changed slightly to be able to withstand those conditions. We know of racial differences in blood types and in reaction to specific drugs.

Does this mean that the races are mentally different?

We suspect that they are, but it is interesting that we cannot

(Continued on page 65)

7

DANGER SIGNALS IN MARRIAGE

BY MSGR. GEORGE A. KELLY

Author of "The Catholic Marriage Manual"

Not long ago, a middle-aged woman came to me in a highly agitated frame of mind. "Father, I wish you would tell me what to do," she said. "My husband has hardly spoken a kind word to me for years. He is cruel to the children, never comes home until late at night, and leaves barely enough money to feed the family. We're three months behind in our rent, and a finance company keeps calling about a loan he got without my knowledge. I don't think I can stand this much longer without losing my mind."

I asked her how long conditions had been like this and when her husband began to act this way.

"About ten years ago, he began to stay away more and more at night," she said. "I thought things might change, but they grew worse."

This marriage was, of course, in a dangerous state. In fact, it would be extremely difficult to reconcile her and her husband so that they could live together in peace and as a good example and guidance to their children. She had waited much too long before seeking advice. In such circumstances, the priest will feel like the doctor called by a patient in the critical stage of a disease. If a doctor is called early to treat an illness, he can often prevent it from becoming serious. Just as a doctor usually can recognize signals of greater trouble ahead, family counselors can detect when a marriage is heading for trouble. It is also possible for husbands and wives to detect these signs. Most experts will agree that our rate of marital crises could be reduced drastically if men and women learned to do so.

This case was not unusual. I am sure that most parish priests have encountered similar cases of marital difficulties which deteriorate almost beyond hope before one of the partners tries to do something constructive about it.

Signs of increasing troubles in marriage generally scream for attention. Whenever a husband or wife asks a marriage counselor to help mend a marriage, he or she usually admits that the conditions complained of have persisted for years.

No marriage, of course, is perfect—at any rate, none



that I have ever observed. Husbands and wives are all fallible creatures with faults that must be endured. Probably no marriage, moreover, has ever maintained all the bliss and harmony of its first weeks. The common phrase "The honeymoon is over" indicates that the attentive considerateness of the new husband and the sweet submissiveness of the new bride are not expected to last throughout their marriage.

Most couples expect some difficulties in adjusting after they return from the altar—some minor flaws in their spouse, some differences of opinion over objectives to strive for in their day-to-day living. But because a husband and wife disagree as to whether they should sleep with the windows open or not is no reason to suspect their marriage is doomed.

We all know of the bride who has a few stormy words with her husband, packs her bags, and goes home to mother, vowing never to see him again. In a few days—perhaps a few hours—she is in his arms again, protesting her love. I am talking not about such situations but about those which persist and grow worse, rather than better, with time.

What are some of these danger signs which should cause concern and which indicate that deeper, unresolved problems exist in a marriage?

1. Inability to communicate. One of the most conspicuous signals is an inability to communicate with each other. When even ordinary activities of their life, mutual problems concerning their children's welfare, and indeed their own future, cannot be discussed because it invariably leads to arguments, the warning signs are flying high. Almost invariably, the man or woman who takes his or her problems elsewhere in the last stages of a sick marriage has tried to solve it within the family, but a cold wall of silence has built up around it.

This does not mean that some touchy subjects do not exist in good marriages. One wife is sensitive about the fact that her brother has held fourteen jobs within the last nine years. Her husband used to make sarcastic remarks about the brother's incompetence, and a full-scaled argument over in-laws always followed. Now he has learned to keep quiet about that matter—but, of course, he and his wife speak openly on other subjects. In one home, money may be a touchy subject; in another, the quality of a wife's house-keeping. But when it is difficult to conduct a civil conversation on most subjects and when any trivial discussion can lead to harsh words and silence, there is cause to become seriously concerned.

This curtain of silence generally does not drop down suddenly. Rather, it usually is preceded by bitter arguments over other conflicts.

2. Drinking to excess. This is a contributing factor in two out of every five disturbed marriages that counselors are asked to help. It is an insidious thing. Quite often, it starts with innocent social drinking—a cocktail for relaxation before dinner or a high-ball in the evening. But many persons are susceptible to alcohol for emotional, spiritual, or physical reasons, and their continued use of it gradually impairs their control.

They become intoxicated more often. They may spend money on liquor which the family needs for food, clothing, or shelter. They may become increasingly argumentative



and cruel. Perhaps they lose time from work or lose their job because of drinking.

All of these progressive steps on the road to alcoholism naturally result in frequent, prolonged arguments. If the drinking continues, ultimately the subject may be discussed no longer and the cold, deadly silence will set in.

3. Difficulties in expressing affection. Husbands and wives should always find it possible to show their affection for each other with a kiss or a glance or in acts of gentleness and kindness. When there is a marked decrease in displays of affection, indifference to each other's physical needs may also follow. Under such circumstances, the temptation of adultery may more easily follow. Adultery, is of course, a sign in itself that the marriage relationship has failed somewhere along the line. But as long as the ability to display affection exists, the avenues are kept open by which other marital problems can be solved.

4. Lack of responsibility. The man should be the family breadwinner; the woman, the homemaker. If a man who has faithfully provided for his family over the years begins to show weakness and indifference, it may indicate his serious dissatisfaction with his marriage or his role in life. A wife who has always been a good homemaker but now does not care whether meals are prepared or the house is kept clean or the children get to school in time may be reflecting her belief that her husband doesn't appreciate her.

5. Increased fault-finding. A certain amount of wifely nagging is par for the course in marriage. So many things can go wrong in the average home—an electric fixture needs a wire, a faucet needs a washer, a screen door needs a hinge—that a wife must keep reminding her husband of things to be done. When nagging seems to be on a steady increase, however, and the husband can hardly find a moment's peace, both the man and woman might consider what it really signifies. Psychologists say that a wife's excessive nagging is her way of telling her husband that he is not properly appreciative of her presence. But incessant nagging can literally drive a man to drink.

When a man or woman finds more and more things to criticize—perhaps the mate's way of speaking, eating habits, conduct in the company of friends, or way of dress—it is a sign of basic dissatisfaction, a decrease in the harmony needed for the success of the marriage.

6. Inability to enjoy each other's company. At the pre-Cana conferences we conduct for engaged couples, we often are asked whether a husband should be permitted a weekly "night out with the boys." We reply that most husbands do not wish to break off their male friendships abruptly upon marriage and that serious harm rarely results from a night spent bowling, at the wrestling matches, or playing cards. However, we normally expect a husband and wife to develop common recreational interests as the years go on. A man of forty should be considerably less interested in a weekly "night-out" than would the husband of twenty-two.

When a husband of several years' standing spends more and more recreational hours away from home, he probably does not obtain the pleasure he should from his wife's com-

pany. She may be blamed for this, but he may be at fault too. At any rate, it is a red light—a sign to stop and consider what lies behind the inability to tolerate each other.

One frequently sees this condition in ambitious, successful people. Perhaps a husband from a background of poverty begins to advance in his job, meeting those who are better educated or have had more social advantages. Comparing his wife with those he sees about him, he decides that she is not as attractive or intelligent as they. And he begins to feel that she is a drag, holding him from material success. Of course, persons who use this standard in judging a mate overlook the spiritual and emotional qualities which are essential for a good marriage.

7. Indifference to religious duties. No one will deny that a husband and wife united by a common bond of religion and faithful to their religious beliefs are likely to make the best marriage. This is particularly true of Catholicism, for Catholics have the sacraments to strengthen their sense of justice and charity and particularly the sacrament of penance in which to examine their own consciences and amend their own faults before they criticize others. The most hopeful sign in marriage is when husband and wife approach the altar rail to receive the Holy Eucharist together. Then they are truly united in mind, heart, and soul.

When one or both become indifferent to religious duties, however, it indicates some weakening of the union. When sin is involved—such as repeated missing of Mass on Sunday or failure to receive the sacraments in accordance with the laws of the Church—there is a lessening of the sense of solidarity which every marriage needs in order to survive.

How can you insure that the minor difficulties in your marriage do not grow until they threaten your life together? When doctors seek to prevent the development of serious diseases, they urge patients to come in for an annual examination, in which early symptoms may be detected. Annual marital check-ups would be an equally wonderful habit to enable you to make sure that you and your spouse grow together—not apart.

You might devote a few hours on each wedding anniversary to a conscientious consideration of whether you are doing all you should to make your marriage work or whether your habits are making matters worse. It is often said—but too seldom believed—that the easiest person in the world for you to change is yourself. You will find it easier to correct your own habits and own attitudes than those of your mate. And if you first strive to do your part in eliminating troubles in your marriage, you may be surprised to discover that your spouse is also willing to accept a fair share of blame.

Annual Cana conferences, which are being conducted by more and more parishes around the country, afford an excellent opportunity to take stock of your marriage. Indeed, if you and your mate attend these conferences, honestly examine your consciences, and are willing to correct any faults which may be the cause of discord, you will find probably that the danger symptoms will grow no further. And that is the important thing. For you cannot expect to eliminate all difficulties in your marriage. But you will have a happier life, if you detect the danger signs and treat them before a surgeon is needed to repair the damage.

the delinquent we always have with us. The first child mentioned in the Bible was a delinquent. Cain, killer of his brother, became a vagabond.

Yet delinquency, early recognized and treated, is curable. It can be avoided by proper training in childhood. These are facts. Delinquency can be a product of the slums or of a broken home. But just as often, the overprivileged child of a well-to-do, seemingly happy family can become delinquent. The parents of such a child, however, prefer to hold some outside influence responsible.

John and his father, a well-known newspaper writer, and his pleasant, attractive mother apparently enjoyed a good family relationship. John was his father's idol. No wish was denied him. He did well in his studies. Yet at ten, John was smoking like his parents. At twelve he got drunk at one of his parents' parties. They laughed.

During his junior year in high school, John reviled a teacher, using vulgar words. A period of probation brought no improvement; he was expelled. His parents sympathized and gave him a flashy sports car as a consolation. His rebellious attitude progressed to violation of traffic laws, petty thievery, and drunkenness with disorderly conduct.

His parents were bewildered. They had given him everything—fine clothes, cars, and vacations abroad. With all their kindness and love, how could their boy possibly go wrong?

They gave him so much but miserably failed to give him what a child needs most—the chance to develop a feeling of responsibility, self-respect, and self-denial—so important in preparing to take one's place in a world of give-and-take. A healthy, parent-child relationship provides the love and security every child craves

and instills a safeguarding respect for moral and social laws.

Children today are given more than ever before. The reason is our American prosperity. We buy things for our children that former generations of children had to earn for themselves or do without. Give a child an allowance, of course—but according to the needs of the youngster, not according to the father's whims. He should learn to budget his weekly allowance, not spend it the first day then whine for more—and get it.

What is wrong with giving your child what you can easily afford? You had a hard time in your youth and did without so much that you needed or wanted. Now you want your child to have those things. Perhaps you made mistakes which could have been avoided had you been wisely guided by your parents. Yet you profited from those mistakes.

George had a shielded boyhood. His parents made every decision for him, even minor ones he could easily have worked out for himself. Selfishness, inborn in all of us, was in him uncurbed. He wasn't taught that the other fellow might have an equal right or even more and that getting one's own way is not always healthy or profitable. George learned the hard way that unless a person checks his dominating nature, he is ill equipped to face disappointments and to brave the trials of life—that to get along with others, one must bear and forbear.

the overprivileged child sometimes is mollycoddled. I know a mother who rushes her boy to the doctor for every scratch. The slightest ache is called an emergency. A boy should learn that falls, bruises, pains, and even black-eyes are quite usual in boyhood. A solicitous mother monitors her child's play, warns when a car approaches, shouts not to run so fast he may fall, and cautions other children not to be rough with her darling. He can easily walk the mile to school, but he sleeps late, so she drives him to school so he won't be punished for tardiness. Well-trained children are held responsible for getting to school on time.

One must decide where to draw the line between what is necessary for a child and what is not. A good rule is to let him do all he is able to do at his age.

BY ROBERT P.
ODENWALD, M.D.



I LOVE MY FARM

What's so good about farm life? A frank and biased look

BY JAMES E. KENNEY

"The trouble with you Americans is that you're the world's biggest hypocrites."

My friend from London was smiling, but I sensed that he meant his words to be taken seriously.

We were sitting on the top of a stone fence in the pasture, at the edge of a clearing which overlooked the valley.

With a secret feeling of pride, I let my eyes rest on the cluster of buildings at the center of our farm—the red-brick homestead, the big hip-roof barn, the tool shed, the milkhouse. Nearby, the waters of our pond mirrored the blue of the sky.

I didn't have to ask my English friend what he meant by his insult. He proceeded to tell me. As we talked, I had to concede that his knowledge of this upstate New York countryside was rather acute.

"**L**OOK at that valley down there," said my friend. "How peaceful and serene it is, like something out of a dream world. Look at the rolling hills in their bright, autumn colors. Look at your fields—the yellow pumpkins peeping through the cornstalks. Over that way, I can see the McIntosh trees in your little orchard and that Bartlett pear beside the house, just loaded with fruit. You'd think people would be happy and contented in a valley like this."

"Well, they probably are," I said, rather lamely.

"Really? Then why all those abandoned farmhouses I saw on my way out here? What happened to the families who lived in them?"

"Gone to the city, as far as I know. Most of them, at least. The old folks have pretty much died off. Not many of their children have stuck to farming."

"But why?"

"Oh, chances are they didn't like the hard work or the long hours or maybe they wanted to make good money in a city job. Few kids these

days see any real future in farming."

My friend was silent for a moment, then he continued.

"And yet, last Saturday, at that political rally we went to in the city, your Congress fellow got a big round of applause when he said that the farmer is the backbone of this nation. I believe that was his expression. And he told about his own happy boyhood on the farm, how he used to walk behind the plow, and if you voted for him again he'd work hard to see that Congress does something to save the family farm. I remember, a few years ago, your President Eisenhower said that, in America, agriculture is more than an industry—it's a way of life, it gives strength to the whole social order, and it has to be kept healthy and vigorous."

"Yes," I admitted.

The Englishman stood up and kicked at a stone.

"Now that's why I say you Americans are such hypocrites. Your school books are full of fine stories about how your great men, your Washingtons and Jeffersons, loved the land and hated to be in the city. Every politician who can do so boasts about his farm background. You tell your children about the presidents who were once hard-working farm boys. But how many American parents today would really like to have their Johnny become a farmer? Very few. When things get tough on the farm, people give up and run to the security of a city job. Yet they keep on saying, 'There's no place like the country.'"

THE sound of a bell, coming from the farmhouse below, told us that lunch was about ready. We went down the hill, keeping up our conversation as we walked along.

The next day, my English friend drove away, headed for Manhattan. After his car had disappeared around the bend of the road, I sat down on



the porch to mull over his remarks.

Idly glancing at a newspaper on the floor, I caught the words of a headline: "Few Study Farming."

The short item, date-lined Washington, went on to relate the results of a survey by the Agriculture Department. It was found that only 31,000 out of 411,000 students in United States agricultural colleges are studying to be farmers.

As I read the rest of the news item, questions began to form: Why is American youth so unenthusiastic about farming as a way of life? Have our young people been brain-washed on this subject? When our young men and young women turn away from agriculture, do they make this decision on their own?

From personal experience, I know that if you tell your city friends that you're moving to a farm, they will register astonishment or disbelief. The words may be unspoken, but the meaning is usually clear: "Have you flipped? You can't be serious about giving up city comforts to live in the sticks with hoot owls?"

Most irritating of all are the remarks which insinuate ulterior motives. "Well, now that you're on a farm, I suppose you've put half your land in the Soil Bank. Pretty soft, getting government checks for not growing things. What a racket farmers have these days! And we taxpayers have to foot the bill."

IF THIS is the kind of talk youngsters hear around the home, it isn't surprising that they aren't attracted to farming. What a choice! Live on a farm and be a hick, or live on a farm and become a leech, grasping for government handouts.

These crass viewpoints could only be held by those who have never experienced the joys of living in the country. And among those joys, none is more appealing than the joy of seeing your own children grow up in healthy surroundings, free souls, freely developing against the beauty of nature's bounty. Physically, spiritually, mentally—children are made for the country, and the country is made for children.

Children love the wide open spaces—the wider and the more open, the better. They are free souls. When other youngsters visit our farm, they are inevitably conducted to Echo Point (elevation, 200 feet, at a guess), and there they are initiated into the delights of shouting across the valley and listening for their

words to return. In the city, these same youngsters ride a bus three blocks to school; in the country they are willing to walk miles through the deep woods or along the creek.

Any mother of a city family is familiar with the bored whine, "What can I do?" When the expensive toys have lost their novelty and the TV set has become monotonous, then the complaining begins: "I don't have anything to do."

So mother gives the youngsters some money and sends them off to the neighborhood theater, where for a few hours they can munch popcorn while absorbing the dramatic niceties of *Psycho* or *I was a Teenage Werewolf*.

On a farm, children have no difficulty finding things to do. The real problem is for parents: How do you interrupt them while they're doing it? What is a mere matter like being called to supper, when there is the more enjoyable prospect of jumping from the highest beam into the hay-mow? Why come back to the house just for lunch, when the bass are biting in the pond?

Once at the table, however, it's a different story. Sometimes, to watch them stoke away food, you'd think the Russians were in the next county and the government had just ordered a scorched-earth policy.

As for the part that food plays in farm living, I wish I had more knowledge of nutrition, so that I could join in the argument over the relative merits of factory-processed versus home-grown food. I can't prove in a laboratory that farm-fresh food has more vitamins or minerals than the packaged, prepared, canned stuff on the shelves of the supermarket. But there's nothing wrong with my taste-buds, and I'm willing to step up on any witness stand and offer my personal testimony that "store-boughten" foods just can't compare in taste to the succulence of freshly picked sweet corn or tomatoes ripened on the vine or to the exquisite tenderness of broccoli, asparagus, or rhubarb brought direct to the kitchen from your own fields.

Anyone who likes to see children learning will soon discover that a farm is really an open-air classroom. To live in the country practically means taking a permanent course in biology and the earth sciences. On

Economist, professor, farmer—JAMES E. KENNEY is all three. Farming appears to be closest to his heart.

all sides, our children see object lessons in nature's scheme for reproduction of the species: swallows nesting in the barn, frogs laying their eggs in the pond, cows in the pasture suckling their wobbly-legged calves, cats in the stable contentedly washing their new-born kittens, fuzzy baby chicks only a few minutes out of the shell. It's easy for a farm child to fit human beings into this natural process of mating and birth.

THE weather-beaten barn on our place can't compare to the glittering fantasies of Disneyland. But our children have invested it with the innocent gold of their imaginings. The hay-rope hanging from the overhead track becomes a jungle vine in the tropical rain-forest, and junior Tarzans swing high over the crocodile-infested barn floor. Or, with new inspiration, the cracks in the sides of the barn become slit-holes in a frontier fort, and the jeans-clad pioneers fire through them at the Indians behind the milkhouse.

Then, too, young members of a farm family receive many valuable lessons in frustration and defeat. This in itself should help to prepare them for life. Anyone who grows up in the country knows that there isn't always a happy ending. Rains wash out a newly-seeded field; a searing drought ruins the potatoes; all kinds of bugs chomp hungrily at your plants; in the winter, rabbits may girdle your young fruit trees; your animals get sick and die. And there's always a lot of hard work waiting to be done, sometimes with little reward.

But the toil, the discomfort, and the discouragement that go with farm life—all these can keep you from going soft, in body or spirit; they give meaning to the joys that counterbalance them. Reward is meaningless without sacrifice.

It's often said that American parents not only want what is best for their children but also tend to let the children decide for themselves what is best. Suppose that more American youngsters had a chance to find out what living on a farm is really like? A chance to know a farm as something other than just a blur of buildings and fields as you speed past on the highway? What would parents of city families do if their children told them that they had never realized before how much they had been missing—and that, from now on, they would much rather live in the country?



Spiritual Thought for the Month

Abraham, Man of Faith

ABRAM migrated with his father from Ur of the Chaldees and settled in Haran, a town of northern Mesopotamia. It was here that God spoke to him. "The Lord said to Abram: 'Leave your country, your kinsfolk, and your father's house, for the land I will show you.'" The land Yahweh was to show Abram was Canaan, to the south of Haran. Though Abram was to dwell in this strange land with all his family and flocks, he was not to take up possession of the land in any definitive way. "The Lord appeared to Abram and said, 'To your descendants I will give the land.'" It was to his posterity that the land would be given—a posterity which was over four hundred years removed from Abram's day.

Abram was not, however, to be without a reward for believing in the Yahweh who disturbed his life, who interfered, and who made demands. "I will make a great nation of you. I will bless you, and make your name great, so that shall be your blessing." The reward was not, in the terms of Abram's limited experience, a small one. "You shall be the father of a multitude of nations." Kingdoms and peoples would come from Abram's loins, though he was married to the sterile beauty Sarai. And in token of this promise, Yahweh changed Abram's name: "You shall no longer be called Abram, but your name shall be Abraham," which means "father of a multitude."

Abraham was to be a sign in the world, the first of a long series of signs which extends from Abraham's call until the second coming of Christ at the end of time. In various ways, God would set up a sign of His presence and activity. Sometimes His sign was a thing, like the ark, or a place, like Jerusalem, or a person, like Mary, or an institution, like the Church. Always the sign was a manifestation that God was present in human history, leading men and history to some future glorious reality which is never fully revealed. Men accept God's intervention in history and in their lives or they tolerate it, because they know that Yahweh is the Lord of history, the Lord of human destiny.

Abraham and the promise made to him are signs of God's presence in our history. They are good signs because they reveal that God interferes in men's lives. Men who say that they believe in God but do not believe that God intervenes in their lives, asking impossible as well as possible things, uprooting their lives, disturbing their homes, placing them in situations and places strange and threatening—these men do not really believe in God. They are atheists, though they protest their faith in God and their love.

What they believe in is not the Lord of history, the Holy One who speaks to men and disturbs their lives. They believe in a fiction which is of their own making.

The god who does not disturb, who stays in his heaven, who makes no demands, who does not enter each man's private history as well as the history of mankind, is not a god. The men who really believe in God are the men who believe that God cares enough to vex them, to break into their lives, and to lay what seems to them a clumsy hand upon them. The God of faith guides, counsels, corrects, chastises, consoles, pulls from ahead, pushes from behind, waits, demands, encourages, rewards. The man who does not believe this does not believe in God.

Abraham and the promise made to him are good signs not only because they reveal but also because they conceal. The full meaning of what was beginning with him was not apparent to Abraham. The signs conceal the fact that he is to be the father of the Chosen People who will possess Canaan and from whom will come the Redeemer and the new people of God (the Church) and the salvation of the world. They conceal the fact that with Abraham we have the beginning of salvation. In Abraham, God enters into time to raise up a people, the Jewish nation, from whom will come the Saviour, Christ, who is Himself his salvation and our salvation. Abraham is at the beginning of this history, and all who curse Abraham will be cursed and all who bless him will be blessed. "I will bless them that bless you, and curse them that curse you. In you all the nations of the earth will be blessed." Those who resist or deny God's intervention in history and in each man's life will be cursed. All of this is half-revealed, half-concealed in Abraham and the promise.

Half-revealed and half-concealed is Abraham's reward. What is revealed is that, as a reward, Abraham's descendants will possess and inhabit Canaan.

The reward Abraham receives is incomparably greater than the reward promised. And this is concealed. The two are of such completely different orders, the joy of the reward received so vastly exceeds the joy of the reward promised, that one cannot even institute a comparison between them. The earthly land promised to Abraham could be measured, touched, walked upon, seen; its beauties and barrenness could be described. No word of man can tell of the Promised Land he ultimately entered.

These are God's way with Abraham and with you.

BY KILIAN McDONNELL, O.S.B.

SIX OF THEIR OWN



Sequence of photos shows the love—and patience—of Dorothy and William Gauchat,



trying to hold the interest of Kelly and Todd, who are retarded, in a picture book



THE SIGN'S
People of the Month

AND SIX OF GOD'S

■ A few weeks ago, Mrs. Dorothy Gauchat wrote a friend a letter. In it was this paragraph: "We would have written sooner, but little Donald took a bad turn last week and entered into eternity quietly and peacefully Saturday evening. Pray to him for us."

Donald was a nine-month-old boy, a critical hydrocephalic since birth. He was not the son of Dorothy and William Gauchat, but they loved him as their very own. He lived in their fourteen-room home, sharing their hearts and hospitality.

Donald was one of six severely handicapped and retarded children the Gauchats were boarding for the Lorain County Welfare Department, the Catholic Charities of Cleveland, and a private family.

The Gauchats, who live in Avon, Ohio, a quiet community about twenty miles west of Cleveland, are not, as might be suspected, a childless couple. They have six children of their own: Anita, a nursing-school freshman; Helenmarie, a high-school senior; Suzanne, a freshman; Colette, who suffered brain damage in an illness a few years ago and is now in the sixth grade at Rainbow School in Cleveland; and Eric and David, grade-school pupils.

Like many couples across the country, the Gauchats board children. But they lay down one condition that makes their big home one of the most unusual in America: they will accept only handicapped or severely retarded youngsters. Their greatest wish is to care for those who cannot talk or walk—the children some doctors bluntly call "vegetables."

"These children are beyond medical care for the most part," says Gauchat, an electric company employee. "What they need is love and attention in a family atmosphere. Sometimes it takes us a whole week to reach a child. But they always respond."

The couple's apostolate started by accident fourteen years ago. A woman who had a retarded child wanted to board him temporarily while she worked. Regular foster parents were unwilling to take him because of the extra care he demanded. The Gauchats heard about the case and decided to take in their first boarder.

During an emergency, Dorothy called the child's doctor for instructions, to see what she could do for the child. The doctor replied: "There is really nothing I can say. That boy is a bundle of flesh who has to be kept alive only because there is nothing else that can be done."

Dorothy and her husband rebelled at that thought and determined to prove the doctor wrong. Eventually the boy died, but not before setting off a fire in the hearts of the Gauchats.

As their own family grew, the Gauchats' boarding

family grew. Six children is all the state will allow them to board because of the size of their own family—unless they want to become a full-fledged institution. "We would never do that," they say. "All the good that we do for these children comes from our family-sized home here. As an institution it would be impossible to give them family love."

The Gauchats are currently caring for Susan, eleven months, a mongoloid; Michael, six, a cerebral palsy victim who is severely retarded and confined to a wheelchair; another Michael, seven, so retarded there is no communication with him, although he has a charming smile; Todd, six, who can't talk and lives in a wheelchair because of cerebral palsy; and Kelly, four, a hydrocephalic also confined to a wheelchair. Soon, one more child will enter their home.

All the children need special diets. Only one is toilet trained. But they are all loved and respected and cared for as the Gauchats' own. It's a long day that starts with a bottle at 5:30 A.M. for someone and ends finally about 9 P.M. when the noise of living finally subsides.

Dorothy uses part of the boarding fees to hire a nurse's aid five days a week. Even with this help, things sometimes get out of hand. Then Dorothy puts the child in a room alone with a toy or two. The child and the toy usually work it out together.

Some happy endings have been engineered in their home. One couple, on the brink of divorce, left their retarded child. They visited him separately, then together. They were touched by the warmth of the Gauchat home. Now that family is back together.

The Gauchats' own youngsters have responded generously to the presence of the guests. "When the boys go outside," says Gauchat, "they take Todd along in his chair. They put a rake in his hand and he helps rake leaves. In the summer they strap a life jacket on him and even take him swimming in our pond."

David Gauchat is named after one of the boys who died while he was boarding there.

It seems the Gauchats were destined for an unusual apostolate. They met in the old Blessed Martin de Porres House of Hospitality in Cleveland. Bill was founder and director; Dorothy, a Notre Dame College girl bringing clothes to the homeless men. For a while they operated a Catholic Workers Farm together in Avon.

They hope their work inspires others, especially their own children, to set up similar, family-sized boarding homes for the handicapped and retarded only. Perhaps the seed they have planted is already taking form: Anita, their oldest daughter, intends to specialize in pediatric nursing.



The Birth

During his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, Bishop Sheen prays at Christ's birthplace, marked by a star in Church of the Nativity

The Burial

The tomb of Our Lord in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem. Here the angel told the weeping women that Christ had risen



THIS IS THE HOLY LAND

Three famous pilgrims, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, photographer Yousuf Karsh, and writer H. V. Morton, who visited Rome and afterward produced a memorable book, This is Rome (Hawthorn), reunited recently for another pilgrimage, this time to the Holy Land. Bishop Sheen brought along his two young grandnephews, Jerry and Fulton Cunningham. Their glorious journey has been recorded in a book, This Is the Holy Land, to be published by Hawthorn a few days before Easter. THE SIGN here presents highlights from the book. Here is the way Morton begins his text:

THE COUNTRY once known as Palestine, and now divided between the Arab state of Jordan and the Jewish state of Israel, has attracted the Christian pilgrim for more than seventeen centuries. The importance of this land in the history of western civilization bears no relation to its size. At no time during His recorded jour-

neys was Jesus ever more than a hundred and thirty miles from Jerusalem, in a country whose area was roughly about that of New Hampshire or Vermont. This tiny country has become embroidered, as it were, by the piety of Christians; and there is no place or incident mentioned in the Gospels which has not been enshrined by the Latin or the Oriental Churches.

Most of the sites are of im-memorial antiquity and surpassing interest; others are perhaps chiefly remarkable for the devotion they have inspired. Who was the first Christian pilgrim? When did he visit the Holy Land? What was the world like in his time?

Questions such as these may pass through the mind of the thoughtful pilgrim today, as he is conducted here and there upon well-worn paths which were beaten out centuries ago. Indeed, so well established are the roads of pilgrimage that many a modern man must feel that, in making the round of the holy sites, he is taking his place in an historical procession whose leaders are lost to sight in the hazy reaches of time: and when the history of Christian pilgrimage is examined, a number of surprising discoveries are made. Pilgrims began to arrive in the Holy Land in the heyday of the Roman Empire, a good century before Christianity was a tolerated religion; and more surprising still, the first pilgrims, though so much closer to the Apostolic Age, saw less in the Holy Land than the pilgrim of today.

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Bethany

The town of Bethany, scarcely changed since Christ's day. Here, Mary, who lived with her sister Martha, anointed Jesus' hands and feet six days before the Passover. Their brother Lazarus was raised from the dead by Christ



River Jordan

Bishop Sheen takes some water from the Jordan, where Jesus was baptized by John the Baptist. It is quiet here and the birds sing among the reeds and gardens. For centuries, pilgrims have bathed in the river



Mount of Temptation

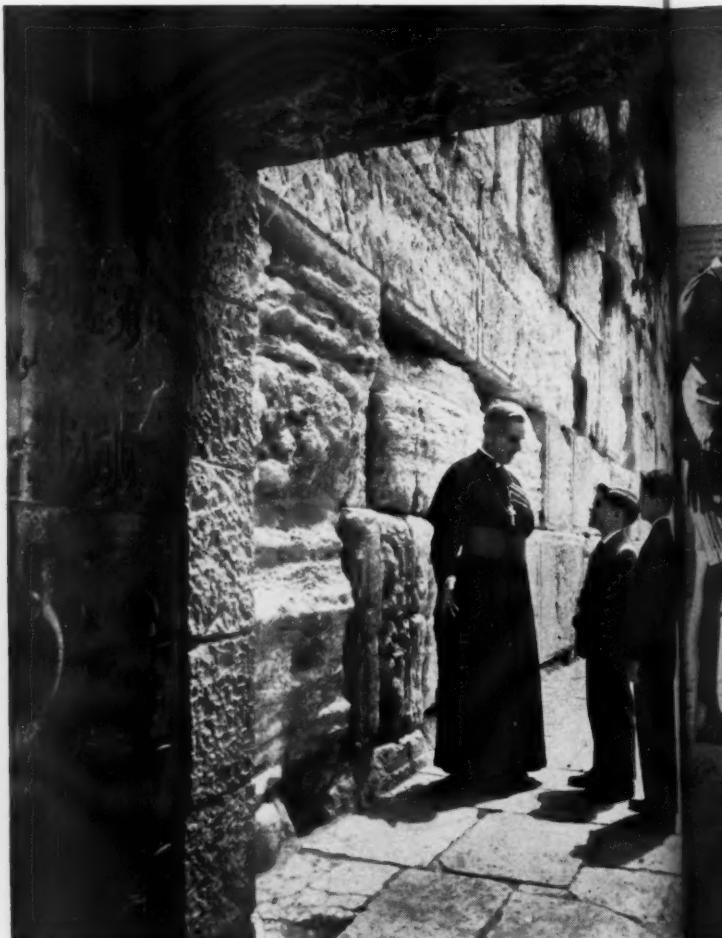
*Near the site of baptisms
the Mount of Temptation, where
Satan tried to dissuade Jesus*

Bishop Sheen quizzes his grandnephews



Grotto of the Visitation

Bishop Sheen's grandnephews taste well water at the Church of the Visitation, Ain Karem, where Mary spoke the Magnificat



Wailing Wall

Bishop Sheen explains the Wailing Wall of Jerusalem to his grandnephews, Jerry and Fulton Cunningham. Here, until the Arab-Israeli war, the Jews lamented the destruction of the Temple

Arab... *visits his young companions*



Lithostrotos

The convent of the Sisters of Sion is erected over the Lithostrotos, the recently discovered flagstone-pavement upon which Pilate placed his chair to judge Jesus

SIX months after the pilgrimage was over, I asked Fulton and Jerry what impressed them most deeply in all that they saw in the Holy Land.

Fulton said, "Calvary and the Via Dolorosa."

Jerry said, "The Holy Sepulchre."

Now of all the scenes in the Holy Land, these are the two with which adults most generally express disappointment—because they are not as they were then or because of the tensions existing between the Latins and the Greeks or because the Holy Sepulchre is old.

But the faith of each of the boys stripped off the quarrels and the bickerings of centuries, quickly excavated the layers of history, and came back to the fundamental of all fundamentals.

Fulton had a preference for death; Jerry had a preference for life. When I asked the reason for the choice of each, Fulton answered, "If Our Lord had not died on Calvary for our sins, we would not be redeemed."

The answer of Jerry was: "But the Resurrection was the proof of His victory over sin."

I was pleased to receive those answers, for they are one. Calvary was the greatest act of love the world ever knew. Our Lord never spoke of His Passion and His Death without speaking of His Resurrection. The answer of the boys was like a coin with two sides; one bearing the act of love, the other bearing the act of victory.

Whenever I wish to review my catechism and the great mystery of life, I shall go back to Fulton and Jerry and discover they know more than the "wise and prudent of this world," for without Good Friday one could never have Easter Sunday; without the Cross, there could never have been the empty tomb.



Gethsemani

Retracing the route of Christ's Passion, Bishop Sheen kneels in the Garden of Gethsemani, where Jesus' agony took place. Eight venerable olive trees stand in the garden



Fourth Station

Nineteen centuries after Christ trod the Via Dolorosa to His death, Bishop Sheen and his young companions stop at the Fourth Station, where Jesus met his Blessed Mother

Church of the Holy Sepulchre

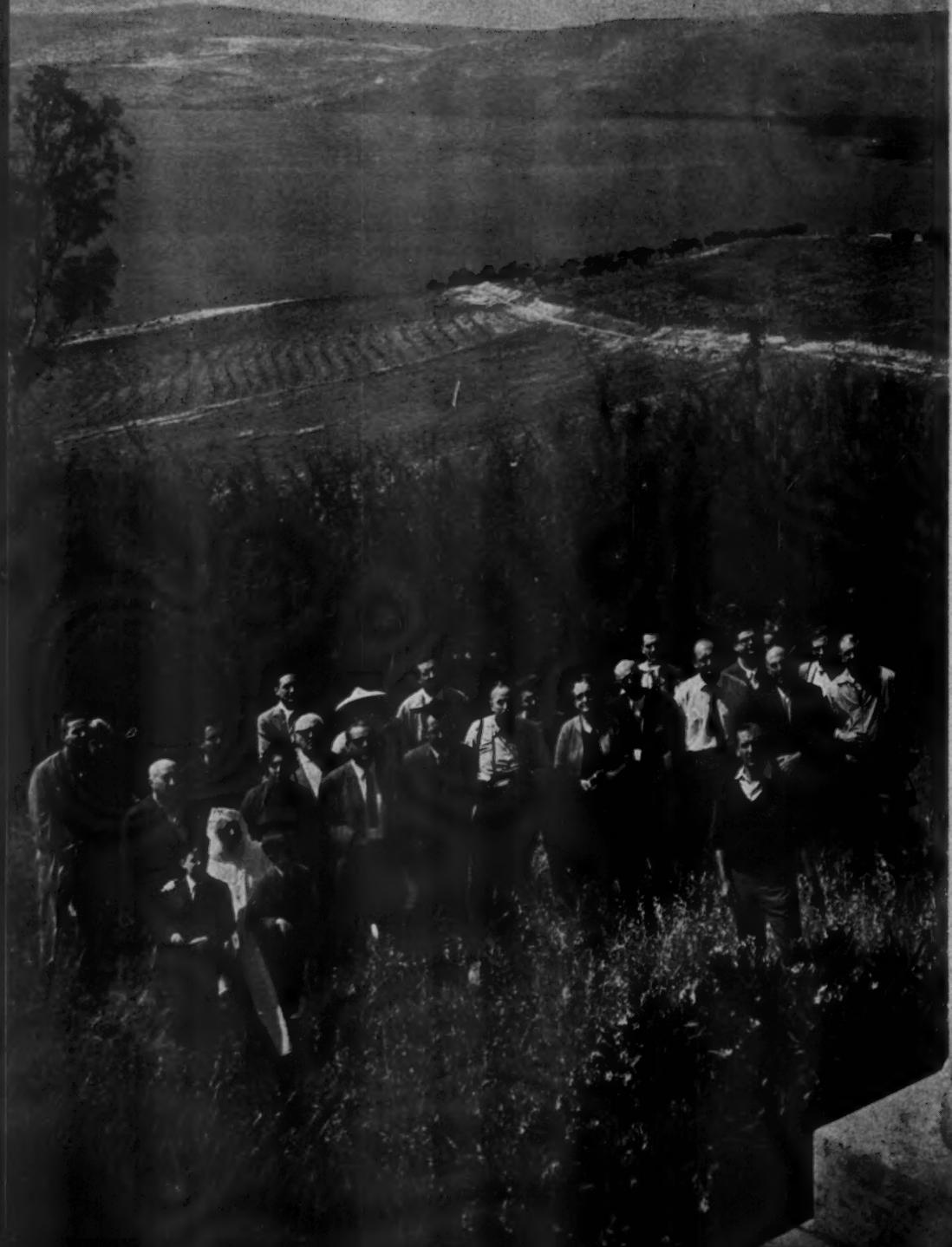
The crown of his pilgrimage, Bishop Sheen offers Mass at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built over Calvary and the tomb. Again, Christ becomes the Victim

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Mount of Beatitudes, Galilee

A magnificent scene as Bishop Sheen talks to pilgrims from steps of the new chapel on the Mount of Beatitudes, overlooking the blue Sea of Galilee. Here, Christ gave a code of conduct—a code unchanged through centuries

POEMS FOR APRIL

RETAIN THIS WHITENESS

by *Winifred Corrigan, r.c.*

"The whiteness which is laid down (by the neophytes) with those garments, is retained forever in their hearts."—St. Augustine (Low Sunday).

Retain this whiteness ever in thy heart
While truth's white flowering lays half-truths aside
And lovelier lilies, longer candles start
Upon the altar where thy Lover died.

Retain this whiteness written here in Bread,
The sword and not a shield Its sealed device:
Burst alabaster and a Body bled,
New Lamb consumed in smoke of sacrifice.

White feet made muddy when His thirsting spoke,
White hands made rough that His white fields might be,
White dreams abandoned when He thee awoke,
Pure human loves for God's bright charity,—
Retain this whiteness: the wonder of His Face,
White faith to Vision, glory sprung of grace.

FOR OUR LADY'S ESPOUSALS

by *Sister Mary Julian Baird, R.S.M.*

Goldsmith's tiny hammers
dance with joy
to shape the ring
that Mary is to wear.

Yet God's bride needs
no earth-made sign
to bind her
to His heart.

Before the stars were made
He gave her jewels
and golden gowns with greater sheen
than moonbeams might have woven,
soft stoles more colorful than rainbow lights.

She is God's own
whom Joseph shadows from the world
until the brilliance of her beauty
blinds the sky.

Let goldsmith's hammers
dancing mold
a slender circlet
for her hand.

In after-time
standing upon a moon-throne,
she will wear the stars for crown;
about slim, queenly shoulders will be thrown
the royal cloak of sunrise.

TO A PILOT

by *Alma Robison Higbee*

I am planting the morning glories now
That the ground is warm with springtime again,
Setting the seeds I still remember how
You loved their blueness after gentle rain.
The days make circles of the things I plan,
On the calendar the long days come and pass,
I ask myself, how can an eagle man
Be content with roof and flower and grass,
With bean rows in the garden, with tasks that I
Have made to fit my hands; you know the crest,
But even the hawk that hunts the limpid sky
Must turn at last to see the craggy nest.
But when you come, close well the picket gate
And never mention stars to your earth-bound mate.

CITY APRIL

by *Paula Kurth*

Alas for bargainings in mute despair
And freeborn beauty rendered desolate
By traffickers who would negotiate
As merchandise, within Rome's market square,
Poor captured folk of strangely yellow hair,
Standing together, lonely and distract.
Some such as these, one day, compassionate
Pope Gregory saw, and straight called angel-fair.

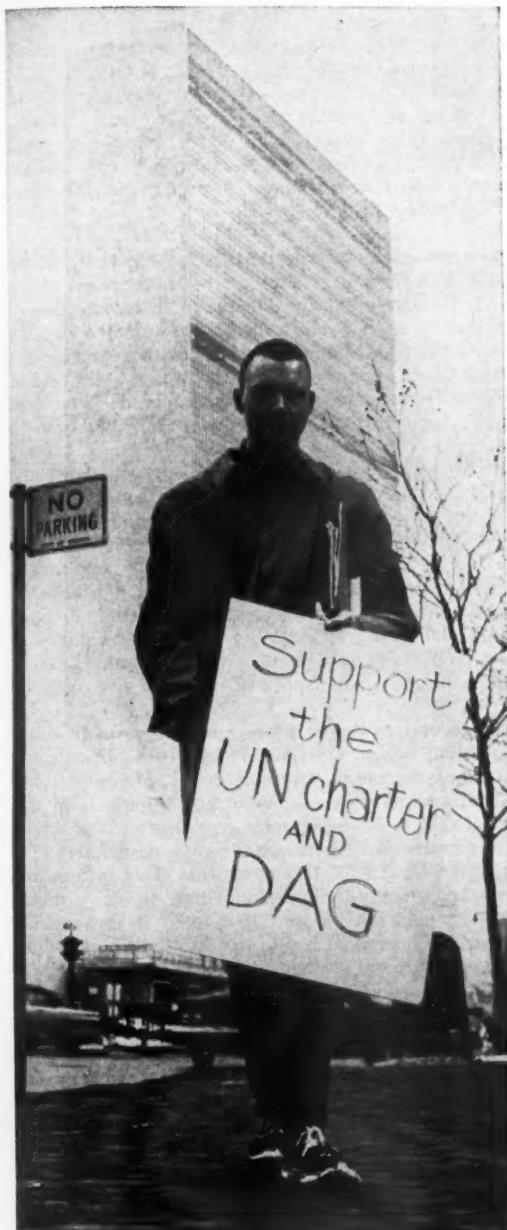
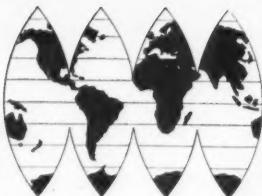
So other captives now droop piteous heads
Here on our corner through the April day,
Dreaming, forlorn—the while their vendor fills
The street with shouts—of dear remembered meads
Whence they were torn; till someone bears away,
For fifty cents, the golden daffodils.

YOU THAT HAVE NO LINES

by *Thomas R. Heath, O.P.*

You that have no lines of former pain,
Nor suffered with the dying, held the dead,
That feel as yet no anguish of insane
Betrayals twisting questions in your head;
That have exams and chatter only: How
The moon shall kiss the planets when he calls;
You cannot hear your answers echo now
Down vaster than these academic halls.
Nor can I make you listen. You will learn
Of this from lectures less conservative,
From sudden storms and flames that smash and burn
Your heart with wounds professors do not give.
I tell you storms will come. You smile and smell
Sweet April, and are restless for the bell.

CURRENT FACT & COMMENT



ONE ALONE. While pickets swarmed around the UN recently to protest its activity in the Congo and Russia was shouting for the Secretary General's head, one college student decided to stand up and be counted. He is Walter Carroll, of the Pratt Institute.

New Life in the Church

The Resurrection is the title of a book reviewed in this issue of *THE SIGN*. We think it is a very important book. Originally published in France in 1950, it has gone through five French editions and, reportedly, has had considerable influence among religious thinkers of Europe. Only recently has it been translated and published in English.

In his foreword, the author complains that too many Christians think of the Resurrection only as a motive for believing in the divinity of Jesus Christ. They fail to understand the central importance which Christ's Resurrection occupies in Christianity.

Many non-Catholics imagine that Christianity is nothing more than a vague humanitarianism. Others reduce it to a colorless system of ethical culture. Even many Catholics think of Christianity as little more than a dry explanation of the Ten Commandments or, worse still, as a casuistical commentary on the Code of Canon Law. For others, it is little more than the mechanical reception of the sacraments. Few perceive the close relation of this life to the next.

For all such, this book will be an eye opener. It recaptures the great traditions of the Sacred Scriptures, the beliefs which gripped the souls of early Christians and fired with enthusiasm the fathers, doctors, and great theologians of the Church. In reading these pages, there suddenly dawns on the reader the glory of God's face shining through human history.

The splendor of the Resurrection has always occupied a central position in the liturgy of the Church. The new liturgical revival is making this tradition increasingly more evident to all of us. The faithful are coming to a clearer understanding of why Easter is observed as a greater feast than Christmas—even as a greater holy day than Good Friday.

With the Resurrection of Christ, human history reached final fulfillment. What Christ is now, we are all called to become. Christ's Resurrection was brought about by the complete possession of His sacred humanity by the Holy Spirit. It is Christ's body, glorified with "the power and glory" of God, into which we are incorporated as members of His mystical body. It is the glorified body of Christ that comes to our altars during the Sacrifice and which we receive in Holy Communion. It is through Christ's glorified body that God shares with us His eternal life and splendor and will raise us from the dead.

Convenient translations of the new Holy Week liturgy are now available to all. These translations are wonderful aids to help us share in the greatest mystery of Christ. Modern biblical science, the liturgical reforms within the Church, and the increasing instruction of Catholics in the great mysteries of the faith, all indicate a profound stirring of the Holy Spirit in contemporary history—a stirring that brings new hope and joy to a wearied world.

Spirit of Joy

Pope John XXIII is, as every Christian should be, a man of deep, quiet joy. His optimism, springing from a lively faith in the Risen Christ, always shines through the clouds of present problems. For example, on New Year's Day, His Holiness announced his intention to commemorate the forthcoming seventieth anniversary (May 15) of the famous encyclical of Pope Leo XIII "On the Condition of Workers." He intends to take a fresh look at the very knotty problem of the social question today. Realistically, the Pope noted that the present time "is not without uncertainties or reasons for anxiety." But characteristically, he added that he would concentrate on those things "which invite hope and confidence."

On that same first day of the year, from New York, the National Council of Catholic Men sponsored a national broadcast on the subject "The Spirit of Joy." The speaker was Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston. Rapping the widespread pessimism of the times, the Cardinal remarked, "Joy is a necessity of life; you and I have need of joy; we have a right to joy. . . . Joy acts upon human beings as sunshine on plants." His Eminence appealed for a return to God and a crusade for genuine joy.

These messages strike a welcome note. They sound a needed shift of emphasis. From all sides we hear acid criticisms of the sour state of our national literature and art—especially the stage and screen arts. From Hollywood to Broadway (see *THE SIGN* for April and December, 1960), professional "entertainers" have frequently become transmission belts for a steady stream of fatalism and fear, and for shocking crimes of sex perversion, heavy sensuality, brute violence, and sick humor. How any self-respecting community would allow such "entertainment," as angrily described in the March issue of the *Reader's Digest*, is hard to understand, in view of the fact that recent Supreme Court decisions have made it clear that the law of the land permits communities to protect, with legal remedies, their standards of public decency.

Even the front pages of our daily press are not very helpful in dispelling the cultural gloom with which America finds itself surrounded. A man who comes home from a trying day's work usually finds scant comfort in scanning front-page headlines which report the crimes, corruption, local catastrophes, and international hatreds of the day. Nobler deeds of men (and they are really tremendous in this era of startling human achievement) are usually crowded off the front page, if reported at all.

Even the Catholic press, including *THE SIGN*, seems often more preoccupied with world and national problems rather than with the enjoyment of the wonderful gifts we receive from God. We refer to this matter on our Editor's Page.

In these days, heavy obligations weigh on all of us. We are not advocating that anyone shirk his duty. But as His Eminence Cardinal Cushing observed in the radio address referred to above, "Our strength and energy seem to be actually redoubled by the coming of joy. A man's power to will and to do, even his desire to live, is reinforced by joy. . . . Under the magic of its influence, we grow gracious, kindly, ready to serve. Thus joy brings individuals closer together, promotes social harmony, and ties the knot of friendship."

We have need of joy. If we don't get it the right way we tend to get it the wrong way. We substitute the tickle of momentary pleasure for the steady glow of joy.

We applaud the Cardinal's call for a national crusade to spread that genuine joy that wells up steadily from the depths of a man's soul.

On Fighting Communism

In the past year, there has been evidence of a considerable growth of interest here in the study and combating of communism. Both local and prospective national organizations have been formed for this purpose. With many of them, the focus of interest is domestic. They are looking for internal Communist subversion and endeavoring to expose it.

This is very praiseworthy, in itself. However, the method frequently used is one of compiling records of alleged Communist affiliations. For example, it will be discovered that a member of the board of directors of an organization belonged, in the 1940's, to several groups which were subsequently declared to be Communist fronts.

The conclusion reached from such inquiries often is that this connection makes the 1961 organization of dubious value because of the uncertain loyalty of some board members. This process of reasoning has been applied to several prominent national organizations, especially in the racial and foreign-policy fields.

Two comments on these procedures seem especially fitting. The first is that there are serious flaws in the logic of the process. It is extraordinarily difficult to learn anything of the loyalty of an individual on the basis of amateur inquiry into Communist-front affiliations. This is true because the very nature of a Communist front involves the enticing of the innocent and the unwary. Thousands of prominent Americans, whose loyalty is beyond dispute, have been so deceived.

Another flaw in this amateur FBI work is the blithe ignoring of the time interval. Americans in general did not awaken to the serious nature of Communist infiltration until about 1948, when Richard Nixon dramatically introduced the Hiss Case to the public. The revelations of that period, and the subsequent shock of the Korean War, disillusioned many persons who had been led to hope that the Communist tiger would change his stripes. To judge such persons in 1961 merely on the basis of their opinions or actions during the 1940's could be an injustice.

There is a second and even more serious reason to question the wisdom behind certain current trends. Concentration upon domestic communism may detract attention, time, and funds from more serious and urgent problems in the international sphere. Two examples may illustrate this point.

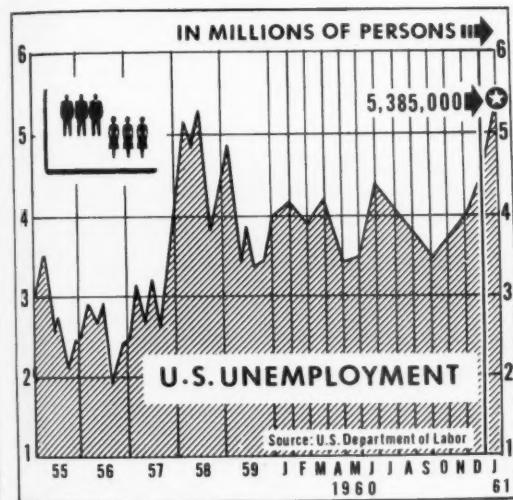
First, missionaries in Africa are pleading desperately that we train future leaders of this continent. This means full scholarships, not merely tuition scholarships, in many of our colleges and universities. More than this, it means that Americans will welcome such students into their homes during vacation periods and let them know what our democracy and our faith mean to us. Granted, this would involve considerable personal sacrifice. But it would be far more effective in fighting communism than mere denunciation will ever be.

Secondly, a Peace Corps for developing nations is being organized. Here again is a direct and personal opportunity to meet the Communist threat on a real battleground. This also calls for sacrifice.

If we dissipate our energies fighting a relatively weak, domestic Communist Party and neglect the vital areas of danger in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, we may pay a catastrophic price for our stupidity. We could stand more emphasis upon Papal Volunteers for Latin America and less upon untrained efforts to determine the loyalty of our fellow Americans. Let us fight vigorously against the Communist conspiracy, both at home and abroad, for it is one. But let us do it in a fair and sensible manner.



MISSION TRIP. The William O'Loughlin family, of Wooster, Ohio, plan a 10,000-mile trip to New Guinea. They will serve as lay missionaries for the Divine Word mission. Mr. O'Loughlin, a production control expert, will supervise the building of a church, convent, recreation hall, and sawmill. His wife will be secretary to the bishop. They plan to stay five years. Lay mission movement, a boon to missions, grows.



WORK DOWN. January unemployment hit postwar high of 5,385,000. Graph covers 1955 to 1960.



BATTLE FOR MINDS. Posters point up battle of Church and Castro. One at left reads: "Will this boy be a believer or atheist? It depends on you. Pray for him and co-operate with catechism. March 5 is Catechism Day. Diocesan Catechism Committee." One at right reads: "Will this boy be patriot or traitor? It depends on you. Teach him the work of the revolution. Liberty or death! We are going to win."



YOUNG FOREIGN VISITORS. The Volney Hamm family, of Lawton, Oklahoma, makes a practice of bringing to their home foreign visitors to the United States. Here, younger members of the Hamm family carry out the tradition by entertaining young guests from Brazil. Top row (left to right): Max and Marcella Hamm, Carlos Alberto Bastos and Lois Marie Hamm. On the floor: Ana Maria and Eduardo Bastos. Largely through efforts of Mrs. Hamm, the town of Lawton has been awarded top prize in a nationwide Community Achievement contest for international relations.

In that dark and terrible innocence of childhood, I thought it strange that everyone looked upon my father simply as a sober, quiet, thoughtful man, nothing more than a worker at the benches of the comb shop, when all the time I knew that he was actually a wild kind of gambler, gay and reckless. In those days, I'd run to meet him after work and we'd walk down Spruce Street together, the sweet and acid smell of celluloid surrounding us as it came from his clothes and pores so that you could also see the haze of celluloid in the late afternoon sun. Most days we would stop at The Happy Times, where my father had his glass or two of beer while I balanced on the high stool beside him drinking orangeade.

My Father's Gamble





By ROBERT CORMIER

*No one knew my father as I did.
I shared his secret. And I knew he had to be right.*

Sooner or later, Artie Grenier, who was in my class at school, would come in with the daily paper and hand it to Old Mac, the bartender, while I felt superior, the straw in my mouth, lording it over Artie because I was on the high stool even though he had a paper route and could outrun me in the schoolyard and outspell me in class.

MY FATHER and the other men always gathered around the bartender to look up the treasury-balance number at the bottom of page 2. My father would compare the number in the newspaper with the number on the ticket he pulled from his pocket and, for a moment, his eyes were flashing and happy.

"Well . . . nothing tonight, but there's always a paper tomorrow," my father would say (I never remember him winning), and he said this as if it didn't matter. I loved him for this because some of the other men grumbled or allowed their disappointment to show in their faces, but my father shrugged his shoulders and went on to talk of other things, the Red Sox, maybe, or the new orders at the shop.

My father often matched Old Mac for the beers, flipping a coin expertly and dazzlingly in the air, as if he were born to sit there on that stool, instead of working at the bench, all day. The small radio on the shelf between the bottom of Seagram's Seven and Pleasant Moments blared on incessantly, and if there was a double-header at Fenway Park, so that the game was still in progress at that hour, somebody would call out a bet that Joe Cronin, say, would strike out next time at bat and my father never failed to take the bet, shouting confidently across the bar. The bets were for glasses of beer, and if my father won he would straighten up, filled with pride, probably starting to feel the drinks a little, and he'd look down at me and wink or tousle my hair.

For many years, I felt that my father and I shared a secret: the wicked part of his life, the carefree, gambling moments in *The Happy Times* when we were confederates. It was a hard secret to hold. Often, at home, at the supper table, with my brothers and sisters sitting there, I wanted to blurt out the wonderful knowledge I shared with my father, but I felt pledged to silence somehow.

The supper hour was the time for talk, for lingering over dessert and talking about work at the shop and hearing the jokes and the stories and the gossip picked up during the day by my brothers and sisters. My father chuckled at the jokes, pleased in a quiet way. Even during the hard times, there were always

jokes, and I loved to join the laughter although I didn't understand them all.

"There's nothing like a beer before supper and a joke afterward to make a meal settle good," my father always said.

Supper also was the time for serious, family talk, important decisions to be made before the helter-skelter of clearing the table and doing the dishes and my brothers and sisters getting ready to go out for the evening.

One evening, my father announced: "Well, I guess I'm going to see the finance company this week." A silence fell around the table, the kind of silence that follows after a plate crashes to the floor. My mother got up to fuss with something on the stove.

"Things that bad?" Henry asked, scowling. My brother Henry always scowled and, although he was barely seventeen, there were permanent lines already grooved in his forehead.

"You know that," my father answered. "You're at the shop every day. Do you see any orders coming in? Have they called back any of the crew they laid off this summer?"

"You know, pa, we've been studying in school about Wall Street and stock exchanges and things like that," Armand offered, "but I still don't see what all that stuff has got to do with how many combs and brushes the shops make. Women still got to comb their hair . . ."

The moment was shattered with laughter, because Armand had the fullest head of hair on French Hill, all waves and curls, and he kept two or three combs in his pocket all the time.

"Things happen somewhere else in the world and they affect everybody," my father answered. "French Hill is part of the world. Look at the bob . . ." And Henry sighed, impatiently. Everybody had heard the story of the bob a thousand times, but I still liked to hear my father tell the story. It seemed to link the town and French Hill and the comb shop and the house I lived in with the rest of the world.

"Over in England," my father said, "a fancy actress decided she didn't want long hair any more. All right. So she changed her style, had all her hair cut off practically. And a million, ten million, women all over the world did the same. The next year, the shop had the biggest layoff anybody ever saw. Short hair on the women, no orders for combs . . ."

"Men always find a woman to put the blame on," Yvonne said. I didn't pay much attention to her. She was still in school but had suddenly started walking in some strange, feminine way and wore perfume and never wrestled with me any more in the backyard.

It was a stage I was waiting for her to grow out of.

"How much you going to ask for, pa?" Henry asked.

"Three hundred," my father said.

My mother shook her head. "I don't know, Ed. You always said we'd never go to the finance people unless we hit rock bottom. You always said you never wanted to be in their clutches . . ."

"Look at the interest you pay," Henry observed.

My father's eyes flared with anger, almost the same kind of light in them as when he checked the treasury balance but without anything happy in them. "All right," he said, banging on the table. "Do you think I like the idea that I can't earn enough and we can't save enough so I have to borrow money? It's easy to sit here at the table and act like John D. Rockefeller. But Henry's only working three days a week and I might go on short time, too, pretty soon. But the bills don't stop. Sure, we'll pick up when the Christmas orders come in, but we're slipping behind all the time . . ."

"How's the finance company going to help us, Ed?" my mother asked. "It's only more we'll have to pay back . . ."

"It's going to help us get on our feet for a while. Winter's going to come, the kids need things. Cy Robillard mentioned the grocery bill yesterday. Oh, he was nice and polite about it. You know Cy. He wouldn't raise his voice to yell 'Fire.' But we're behind, a little bit more every week. And Pete Scarelli, the oil man. And the others. They've all got their own troubles, their own families to feed. Me, I'd just soon owe the finance company one payment to pay it back. By the time it's paid, maybe things will be better at the shop. Armand will be out of school and ready to go to work . . ."

"You always said that we wouldn't borrow until we hit rock bottom," my mother said.

"LOOK," my father said. "We borrow three hundred dollars and it's enough to clear up the bills and buy what we need for the kids and the tenement. So the interest is high. It's worth it to pay off everybody. I don't want to have to start crossing the street when I meet certain people, ashamed to look into their eyes. And it'll be too late to borrow if I got laid off all of a sudden. Now's the time, while there's still some money coming in . . ."

I rooted silently for my father. I wanted to say to my mother and Henry and the others: don't worry, he knows what's he's doing, you should see him at *The Happy Times*.

I thought I saw something lost and lonesome in my father's eyes, but he smiled suddenly and he was my reckless hero once again as he announced: "Saturday I'll go see them and make out the application, and we'll have the money sometime next week."

There was a feeling of Christmas in the house during the following days, an air of delicious expectancy. Once my mother had resigned herself to having my father borrow from the finance company, she proceeded to make out endless lists, sitting at the kitchen table, of bills to be paid and things to be bought. New shoes for everybody and, maybe, she promised the younger ones (including me and I was glad to be included as a younger one, for once) a present from Woolworth's up town.

THE day finally arrived when the red tape of borrowing had been completed. It was a Saturday and there was no work. The house was in a fever of excitement at breakfast time.

Small slips of paper surrounded my mother's plate. She loved efficiency and programs and rigid schedules. Now she divulged the orders of the day. My father would take the bus uptown and obtain the money in ten-dollar bills. On his return, he would set out and pay off the bills owed on French Hill to Cv Robillard and Pete Scarelli and the fifty dollars they borrowed from Uncle Theo that time Armand broke his leg. There were also payments to be made on the new washing machine and other items that held no interest for me. She read off the list in a business-like manner, while my father and Henry exchanged amused glances and I tried to catch my father's eye to show him that I was amused, too, by my mother's recitation.

"Then, this afternoon," she said, smiling and looking toward us children benevolently, "we all go on a shopping trip. We take the bus, no walking uptown today. First, shoes, and Theresa needs a new coat for school and then Woolworth's. Each one twenty-five cents to spend on anything you want. And a new hat for your father."

The children leaped with joy and my father protested that he didn't need a hat and a dozen images of toys that could be bought for twenty-five cents — a sum I had never held in my hand — danced in my head.

Suddenly, my father had to rush to meet the bus at the corner and we waved him on and my mother attacked the dishes in the sink with a grim purpose and even Henry volunteered to wipe them in order to give my sisters ample time to dress, because we all

knew that despite my mother's careful planning we would accompany my father and mother on the bill-paying journey during the morning. It was a knowledge that spreads through a family without anyone's having to talk about it.

I finished my chores (emptying the waste baskets which were not even filled and throwing out the garbage) and sat on the piazza steps, feeling the summer sun on my arms and legs.

"He should be home by now," Henry was saying to my mother.

He hadn't shown up an hour later and my mother was plainly worried. She had dispatched Yvonne to the bus stop at the corner of Third Street and Henry volunteered to go to The Happy Times to see if he had dropped in there for a glass of beer.

Finally, at eleven-thirty, we all sat on the piazza looking anxiously down the street. I had gotten my new pants dirty playing in the yard. Theresa's pig-tails had unraveled, and Jean-Paul had begun to scream on my mother's lap. We had been trying to encourage each other, particularly my mother, who feared that my father had met with an accident.

"At twelve o'clock," she told Henry, "you go to the drug store and call first the police and then the hospital."

"He's a grown man, ma," Henry said. "If anything happened to him, somebody would come and tell us. He probably got delayed at the finance company. Some more red tape."

The Angelus was ringing out from St. Jude's steeple at noontime when my mother stood up and squinted toward the street and we saw my father walking toward the house. His steps were slow and faltering. His head was held

peculiarly, as if he were afraid to move quickly, afraid that it would fall off. As he turned into the yard, I could make out his features. His face looked shattered, his chin trembled. I remembered once looking into the mirror after I had been punished by my father with a few good slaps and seeing my face crumpling before the onset of tears: that was how my father's face looked.

He faced us at the bottom of the piazza steps. Two sharp lines were knife-like in his cheeks. He had eyes for no one but my mother.

"The money," he said. "It's gone. It got lost, but the police said maybe somebody took it from my pocket. A pickpocket, they said . . ."

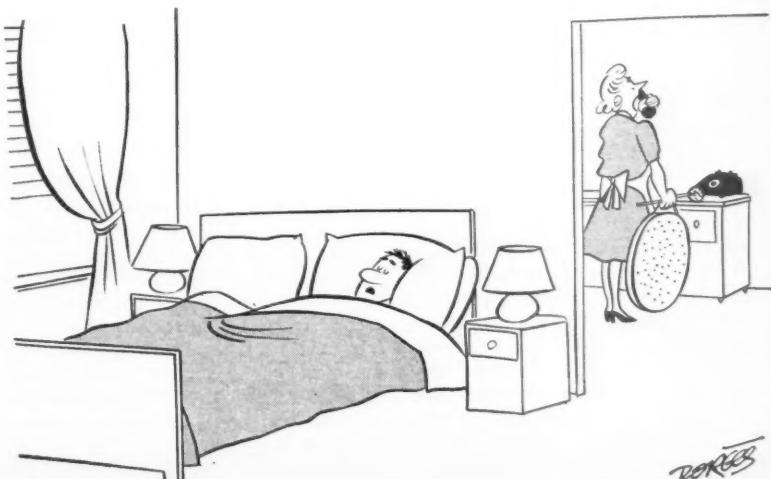
"Three hundred bucks," Henry exploded. "Gone, like that?" He kicked at the banister.

"Ed, Ed," my mother moaned. "How could you lose it like that? How could you let it be stolen? Three hundred dollars . . ."

He shook his head and looked away toward the street. He seemed so familiar suddenly: I realized that he looked like me when I had done something wrong. He looked like a bewildered child.

"I came out of the finance place with the money right in my pocket, here," and he pointed to the inside of his suit jacket. "I kept checking that money all the time, because I never had that much money on me before. I . . . I bought some flowers . . ."

For the first time, I became aware that he had a bouquet of flowers in his hands, wrapped in green paper, a few buds sticking out of the top. "I bought this bouquet for you, Marie, and that's all. And while I was waiting for the bus, I checked to see if the money was still there and it was gone."



"He's resting—but he'll be up shortly"

Henry was frozen into silence, his lips pressed against each other, a fire in his eyes. For some reason, I was afraid he was going to strike my father, although I knew that was a foolish thought. No one ever hit his father.

"Ed, Ed," my mother said, and I was wishing that Jean-Paul would start crying, to shatter the awful moments.

"I looked everywhere, on the sidewalks, in the flower place, and people helped me. Everybody was nice. A woman, she told me she lost one hundred dollars like that one time. And then I went to the police station and they sent a policeman with me to look. And we couldn't find it. They said somebody might have stolen it right from my pocket. Or found it and ran off with it . . ."

Suddenly, I began to cry, huge sobs shook my body, tears flooded my eyes, my arms and legs shuddered. I could not control myself and was startled at the immensity of my outburst. My cries started a turmoil on the piazza. Louis burst into tears. Theresa complained of a stomach-ache and threatened to vomit right there on the piazza, and Henry kicked once again at the banister and strode into the house, slamming the screen door.

My father still talked, still explained, but more to himself than anyone else since my mother busied herself with the children.

"The police," my father said, in the voice of a beggar, "they were nice about it, they said it happens a lot, they said if somebody finds it and brings it to the station they'll rush it right down here in a police car. I gave them my name and address." And all the time, my mother rocked Louis, whispering softly to the baby, her eyes closed.

IRAN blindly from the piazza, toward the street, brushing by my father, trying to muffle my sobs, strangling the sobs inside of me, and he called to me to come back, as I bounded down the driveway, his voice thin and uncertain, and for the first time in my life I didn't pay heed to his words.

There was a place to which I always went to nurse my wounds and disappointments, an abandoned chicken coop in the rear of an empty lot where the men sometimes played horseshoes, at the corner of Fifth and Mechanic Streets. I sat down, my back against the wall, and felt my sobs subsiding.

I was appalled by the grief that was slowly turning into a baseball in my chest. And I suddenly realized that I wasn't crying for the money: the money was something distant and out of my grasp. Even the twenty-five cents for

a toy at the five and dime had an aura of unreality. And I knew that I was crying because my father had stood there like a lost and whimpering child. His image as a daring, reckless gambler had been wiped out. I had a sense that the world had crumbled at my feet.

I remained there for a long time and found that my sorrow had grown numb and my thoughts dull. Hunger stirred within me and a surge of relief flooded me: my mother had always said that as long as you had an appetite there was nothing wrong.

I didn't return home until late in the afternoon. For a moment, as I turned into the driveway, a wild honeysuckle sang in me: perhaps the police had found the money, after all. When I entered the kitchen, it was evident that the money had not been returned. My mother was setting the table for supper and my father sat in his rocking chair by the window, reading the paper. I was struck by the lack of tension in the air. Yvonne and Theresa were arguing in their bedroom, as usual, about who had borrowed a dress without asking permission. My

• If you would have long friendships, cultivate a short memory.

— *The Liguorian*

mother opened the oven and the pot of baked beans with a slice of salt pork sizzling above the beans sharpened my appetite.

My mother sniffed at the pot. "I never smelled them so good," she said, looking over her shoulder at my father.

He smiled, a bit wanly I thought, and nodded. He looked toward me, and I realized that the two knife-deep lines in his cheeks were still there, that they had been there all the time, although I had never noticed them before. I was aware also that his hair was thin on top and that flecks of gray whitened his temples. I thought: a few years and I'll be taller than him.

Later, in the time of late evening, Henry and I sat on the piazza steps. My mother had gone off to church, and my father puttered somewhere in the cellar. Henry was all dressed up, and he kept going into the kitchen to check on the time. He kept arranging his bow tie and whistling impatiently. I watched him and he said: "This girl, it's the first time I take her out. I don't want to show up too early." It was the first time he had ever addressed a remark as personal as that to me. He had always excluded me from knowledge about his activities.

His sudden sharing of intimacy en-

couraged me. "What's pa going to do about the money?" I asked.

Henry shrugged. "What can he do? Pay it back." There was an edge of irritation in his voice and I withdrew into silence, noticing how quickly light left when the sun dropped behind the tenement house next door.

Somehow, I felt as though I had to defend my father to Henry. "You ought to see pa down at The Happy Times," I said. "He matches for beers and hardly ever loses."

HENRY punched my arm playfully, affectionately. "Even if he loses, it doesn't make any difference. A man works all day, supporting his wife and kids, he's got to have a few pleasant moments."

It seemed as though Henry was answering a question I hadn't asked.

"But why doesn't he do something about it?" I asked.

"What do you expect him to do? Commit suicide? Go stark, raving mad? Burn down the house?" Henry snorted.

"But three hundred dollars," I said.

Henry looked up at the tenement building next door, scowling, as if he were angry with some defect he could see in the structure. But there was more than anger in his expression. A kind of weariness, something tired. I was struck for the first time by how much he resembled my father.

"You know what he'll do?" Henry asked. "He'll go back to work on Monday and punch the time clock and put in his day at the bench. And he'll stop in at The Happy Times for a beer, if he didn't buy any cigarettes in the morning, and then come home and have hamburg for supper and then sit and read the paper and fool around with you kids. Then he'll listen to 'Amos 'n' Andy' or maybe Father Coughlin on the radio and then go to bed. And he'll get up the next day and do the same thing. And we won't starve." He looked down at me, his face twisted with anger, and I felt that his anger was directed at me. "Listen, boy, you look up to your father, understand? You . . . you love him, do you hear?"

"Of course, I love him," I said, the words springing out of me. You couldn't say something like that in broad daylight, but dusk had settled over the yard, softening everything, taking the edges away from the houses and the tree at the curb and the telephone pole. I was filled with warmth and tenderness, and I thought how wonderful it was, being alive and having my father and mother and Henry and my other brothers and sisters. And I wondered why it was so beautiful that I wanted to cry.

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*Professor Lawrence
Lynch and student Bob
Adams at St. Mike's:
a place for Christianity
on a public campus*



Saint Mike's: Best of Two Worlds

Church and state in Canada learned long ago how to co-operate to strengthen college education for the good of the country. Here's how the plan works

BY
**MILTON
LOMASK**

■ For almost three-quarters of a century, St. Michael's College of Toronto, familiarly known as "St. Mike's," has been a partner in a successful experiment in Church-state co-operation for educational purposes. How this experiment works, how it is financed, and how it has affected higher education throughout Canada—these are matters that offer food for thought to American Catholic educators, beating their heads against Thomas Jefferson's "wall of separation" and struggling with the difficulties posed by growing college enrollments and spiraling costs.

Conducted by the Basilian Fathers, a French teaching order that turned Irish in the course of its transference to the New World, St. Mike's is one of the most distinguished Catholic liberal arts schools in North America. It is also part of the University of Toronto, a secular school deriving much of its support from the Province of Ontario.

The relationship between college and university is one of federation. A unique arrangement, as such things are viewed in the United States, it is readily appreciated by imagining Chicago's Jesuit-run Loyola University located on the same campus, using the same facilities, and functioning as an autonomous but integral part of the state-supported University of Illinois at Urbana.

Father John M. Kelly, St. Mike's forceful and young-looking president, describes it as a close and satisfactory marriage. "Federation," he notes, "enables St. Mike's to keep its Catholic identity and at the same time provide its students with all the advantages of a large state school."

Arriving on campus one breezy afternoon, I snooped and talked for five days. They were enjoyable days, for the University of Toronto is a colorful place with its spirited student body and variegated architecture. Standing in the heart of a rapidly growing industrial center (Greater Toronto boasts a million and a half people), it is Canada's largest institution of higher learning: 13,000 full-time students (of whom 1,000 belong to St. Mike's), some 1,600 teachers, and well over a hundred buildings.

Bordered north and south by two of the city's busiest commercial streets, its main campus describes a broad semi-circle around Queen's Park, dominated by the sedate mass of the Ontario Parliament buildings and a formidable statue of Queen Victoria.

Actually it is four campuses in one. St. Mike's is not the only church-related school on the premises. Also federated with the university are Trinity College (Anglican) and Victoria College (United Church of Canada). Like St. Mike's, Trinity and Victoria are also universities, each having one or more theological schools and each contributing to the work of the university's School of Graduate Studies.

Most of the university's buildings stand west of the park, sprawling over four blocks of valuable real estate. To the north, Trinity's vine-covered façades suggest a little corner of England. Victoria's quarters occupy the northeast curve, and most of St. Mike's sixteen buildings—with a \$1,250,000 library soon to be erected—hug a grassy quadrangle to the southeast.

St. Mike's students speak of the university area as "across campus" and the university students speak of St. Mike's as "over there." As to how they speak of each other, it would appear from *Varsity*, the university daily and Toronto's second-largest morning newspaper, that students will be students.

A FEW YEARS AGO, an "across-campus" writer, signing himself "Nightwatchman" and conceding that "some of my best friends are Roman Catholics," accused the students "over there" of "living in the fourteenth century" and of suffering from "the fact that somebody has done all their thinking for them."

Two days later, *Varsity* featured a counterblast from "over there" to the effect that "Nightwatchman" should get up early some morning and take a look at St. Mike's in the daytime. "Were you acquainted with her (the Church's) history and the diversity of her philosophers," scolded St. Mike's outraged champion, ". . . you would know that no external criticism of Catholicism is quite so . . . severe as that which is made by its communicants, who manage quite enough liberty and honest speculation to do any man for a lifetime. . . ."

These exchanges among the students merely impart a little sparkle to an accommodation marked by mutual understanding and good will. Under the terms of the federation agreement, St. Mike's, which is co-educational, instructs its own students in religion and maintains its own faculties for teaching such humanities as English, the languages, and the classics in translation. Alone among the federated colleges,

as the church schools are termed, St. Mike's maintains its own philosophy department. It is also privileged to teach history, a privilege of which it has never availed itself.

All other academic work is the function of the university, which gives instruction in the social and natural sciences, maintains the main library (two million volumes) and the professional faculties, prescribes the academic standards, gives the examinations, and grants the degrees.

Since the \$365-per-student tuition does not nearly cover the expense of educating each student, St. Mike's depends on a subsidy, and the manner of this help is of particular interest to Americans.

It is necessary to bear in mind that government aid is channeled to St. Mike's from two sources in two ways.

THE GOVERNMENT of the Province of Ontario operates under laws which forbid direct assistance to institutions supported by a religious body. None the less, St. Mike's receives an *indirect* subsidy from Ontario for the reason that the university, which receives most of its support from the Provincial government, underwrites all those courses which call for laboratories and other expensive facilities and makes these courses available to students in the federated colleges without the payment of additional fees. The spirit animating this arrangement is similar to the one which permits Catholic colleges in the United States to share in federal funds, to some degree, through such methods as research grants and fellowships.

St. Mike's also receives *direct* assistance from the federal government at Ottawa, since, in giving aid of this sort, the federal government operates under laws which make no distinction between public universities and those supported by religious bodies. At the present time, the federal grant is based upon the total population of Canada and is calculated at the rate of \$1.50 per person; within each province, the total sum is distributed among universities in accordance with their proportion of the total student enrollment in the province.

St. Mike's, of course, shares in these funds, but, by arrangement with the university, retains only 40 per cent of the total grant, except in the case of students who take virtually all of their work at St. Mike's.

Whether registered in the university or in one of the federated colleges, every student follows either a three-year general program or a four-year honors program calling for concentration in one or more fields of study. For admission, Ontario residents must show a fifth year of high school known as Grade XIII. At St. Mike's, 12 per cent of the students are from the United States. Lacking Grade XIII, the Americans devote their first year to what is called the Freshman Course before embarking on their college programs.

A student at St. Mike's takes some of his courses there and some at the university, the division depending on the nature of his program. An upperclassman, specializing in a science, may never set foot in Teify Hall, St. Mike's classroom building. At the most, he may take only a fraction of his work there.

Twenty-one-year-old Bob Adams of Fort William, Ontario, is a case in point. An honors student in mathematics and physics, Adams carries twenty hours of work a week. Of these, only one—a course in Religious Knowledge—is taken at St. Mike's. A slender, black-haired young man who always wears a bow tie ("My trademark," he grins) and whose dark eyes flash behind heavy glasses, Bob waxes enthusiastic when called on to discuss life at St. Mike's.

"It's great!" he declares. "You see this." He extracts a small object from his wallet. "That's my ATL card. 'Admit-to-Lectures' is what the letters mean. Every student has

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ROBERT RAGSDALE

*Above, Father John M. Kelly, C.S.B.,
St. Mike's President: "We assist one another"*

*Above left, St Mike's, with its many
advantages, attracts many Americans annually*

*A philosophy class conducted by a Basilian;
afterward, students fan through secular campus*



one and, as a St. Mike's student, I look on it as my ticket to the best of two worlds."

The visitor to St. Mike's does not have to be told what Adams means. As a student in the university, Adams has open to him all of its cultural and recreational activities. As a student of St. Mike's, he lives and studies in a thoroughly Catholic atmosphere.

Fisher House, where Adams resides, has its own chapel and resident religious. The same is true of all of St. Mike's residence halls. The four men's houses are arranged according to academic year and course, so that the intellectual life of the classroom can be carried into the social life of the dormitory. Women live either at Loretto College or at St. Joseph's College.

Those St. Mike's students who live on campus, as three-fourths of them do, are only five minutes' distant from St. Basil's church, where Mass is offered every morning, during the lunch hour, and in the afternoon. Dialogue Masses are frequent, and to foster greater understanding of the sacred rites, the afternoon Mass at St. Basil's is celebrated with the priest facing the student body. Although St. Mike's lays down no attendance rules, other than those prescribed by the Church, Father John F. Madden, the religious superior, reports that about 25 per cent of the students are daily communicants. On Sunday evenings, a sizable portion of the student body joins in chanting Vespers and student-organized pilgrimages to neighboring shrines are common.

Contributing to the scholarly tone of life at St. Mike's is the presence of the world-famous Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies. This is an independent graduate school

integrated at the graduate level with the departments of Theology and Philosophy at St. Mike's.

Founded in 1929 under the inspiration of the French Academician, Etienne Gilson, the Institute has included on its faculty such distinguished philosophers as Jacques Maritain and Anton Pegis. Seventy-five per cent of the Institute's students have been laymen. Its graduates teach in secular and Catholic schools throughout Canada and the United States. Two of them are on faculties of other units of the University of Toronto: Rev. E. R. Fairweather, associate professor of ethics at Trinity, and E. L. Fackenheim, associate professor of philosophy at the university itself and an editor of *Commentary*, the American Jewish magazine.

Scholars of the first rank are found on all of St. Mike's faculties. One of the most engaging is tall, cigar-smoking Marshall McLuhan of the English department. An authority on communication through the ages, McLuhan was recently asked by the United States government to establish a syllabus for giving instruction in these new communications media.

In discussing St. Mike's, Bob Adams is not the only student who sounds the "two-worlds" theme. So does Brigid Elson, an honors student in philosophy and history from Manhasset, New York. "Not only do we live in a Christian atmosphere here," she observes, "but taking some of our work with members of other religions, or of none at all, we learn something about living in a pluralistic society." As co-editor of *The Mike*, St. Mike's own weekly, Brigid recently initiated a series of religious "dialogues" by faculty members from all three of Toronto's church-related colleges.

Social life at St. Mike's revolves around a variety of
(Continued on Page 68)

BUSIEST LADY IN FRANCE

In France, politics belong to the men—Oui!
Could they keep out Marcelle Devaud?—Non!
She's a mayor, legislator, and grandmother,
and, being very French, she is very chic

BY ROBERT RIGBY

MADAME Marcelle Devaud, a tall, bespectacled French woman of fifty-three, is a person of refreshing directness who rarely lets an *i* go undotted or a *t* uncrossed. A reporter, having heard that she was a Catholic, once asked her in an interview what role religion played in her life.

"None, Monsieur," came the prompt reply. Then, enjoying the reporter's astonishment, she added, "Not, at least, in the sense of the question. Christianity doesn't play a 'role' in one's life. It is not a thing apart but life itself—the whole of it. A Christian bears witness to this—all too imperfectly, alas!—wherever he is, whatever he does."

As it happens, "wherever" and "whatever" for Marcelle Devaud cover an extraordinarily wide range of activity. An affable, poised woman whose close-cut, black hair is still without a streak of gray, she is first of all a housewife, married since 1925 to Professor Stanislas Devaud, a philosophy teacher at a Paris lycée. She is also the mother of six children—four sons and two daughters, whose ages range from sixteen to thirty-three—and the proud grandmother of twelve. She is active in many Catholic charities and is the founder-president of several women civic organizations. On top of this, she is the able mayor of Colombes, an industrial town of 80,000 inhabitants in the Paris suburbs. And last but not least, Marcelle Devaud holds a seat in the French National Assembly, where she is an influential member on several parliamentary committees and an authority on social problems.

Though more than half of France's voters are women, the number of women elected to national office has plummeted since 1946. In the first postwar election, fifty-six women won election as either deputies (lower house) or senators. Today, their total has sunk to a mere fourteen—a drop of 75 per cent.

"One reason for the decline is obvious," says a seasoned, French political observer. "Few women can reconcile the demands of a political career and family life. Another reason is that competition for public office is intense. Politics in France is still primarily a man's world, even more so perhaps than in the United States or Britain."

In the man's world of French politics, Marcelle Devaud is a notable feminine stand-out who has remained in office continuously since 1946. First elected as a senator, she was a member of the upper chamber for twelve years, serving as one of its vice-presidents for a four-year period. In 1958, she shifted electoral gears and stood as a Gaullist candidate for a seat in the lower house—a much tougher proposition. Though pitted against a popular, Communist veteran in a traditionally Red industrial district, she scored a solid victory at the polls.



A forceful speaker, if no spellbinding orator in the grand French manner, Marcelle Devaud has built her reputation on a record of solid, legislative competence and a phenomenal capacity for work. As a wife and mother, her interest has always fallen naturally in the fields of social security, health, and child welfare. She is more than just a consultant on such problems. She herself wrote the bill, for instance, that gave French students social security protection. She also made an exhaustive study of economic and social conditions in the French West Indies and drew up a report—considered by many of the islanders as their charter of social rights—that inspired a series of legislative measures.

Easily one of the most traveled of French parliamentarians, Mme. Devaud has carried out official missions to Madagascar, Africa, China, and Poland (where her contacts with Catholic groups led to a training program, in France, for Polish social workers). She is also frequently her country's delegate to congresses of the Interparliamentary Union. She has visited the United States twice, once at State Department invitation, and was named "French Mother of the Year" in 1953 by her American admirers.

Marcelle Devaud pursues her second demanding job—lady mayor of Colombes since 1958—with equal dedication and energy. Colombes, like many French municipalities, is plagued by an acute housing shortage. Its population has jumped by 20,000 since the war, and 3,000 families have their names on the waiting list for adequate housing. The town's center, much of it dating from the seventeenth century, badly needs rebuilding. Five new schools and two parish churches are planned or under construction.

For all her energy and executive ability, Marcelle Devaud remains modest and unassuming. She refuses to see anything particularly unusual about a woman being a mayor: "I believe women are really well prepared for this kind of job. They have prior training in keeping a family budget and in making sure that a household runs smoothly from day to day. The same basic concerns are found in municipal government, which should above all else be practical not political."

THE DOUBLE responsibility of being a mayor and a National Assembly deputy is, however, enormously time-consuming, and Marcelle Devaud drives herself at a pace that would leave most men limp with exhaustion. Here is how she whipped through a more or less average day not long ago.

Rising as usual at six-thirty in the family's comfortable apartment in Neuilly, an adjoining suburb of Paris, she breakfasted at seven with her husband and unmarried daughter and son. A little before eight o'clock, a chauffeur-driven car (one of the prized perquisites of French deputies) picked her up and drove her across town to the National Assembly. There she answered letters, skimmed through the morning papers, attended an hour-long meeting at the Foreign Ministry, then put in several hours working on a parliamentary committee. Lunch was a *déjeuner de travail*—a working lunch—with other committee members. In the afternoon, she was in her seat for an Assembly session that dragged on until seven o'clock. Hurrying back across town, she ate dinner with her family. At nine o'clock, she was off again, heading for Colombes this time and a town council meeting that lasted until midnight. Once back home, she studied official papers until two-thirty before finally going to bed.

If Marcelle Devaud's life resembles a study in perpetual motion six days out of seven, she does, however, slow down on Sundays. After Mass at nearby St. Pierre's, she devotes the day to her family. A good cook, she likes to prepare exotic dishes for them from recipes picked up on her far-ranging travels — *riz Madagascar* (highly spiced rice), Algerian *couscous* (lamb stew), West Indian fish dishes—as well as the *poulet à la crème* (chicken in cream sauce) that her husband is fond of.

The eldest Devaud child, Marie-Joseph, is an interpreter; then comes Emmanuel, an economist; Marie-Bernadette, a doctor (and married to one); Bruno-Marie, a history professor; Jean-Marc, a lawyer; and then sixteen-year-old Jean-Dominique, the *benjamin* (baby) of the family who has passed his *baccalauréat* exams (equivalent to our junior college finals) two years ahead of schedule.

THOUGH all of her children have done unusually well career-wise, Mme. Devaud professes to have no hard and fast rules on child-rearing: "I've brought up six, but each has a different character and temperament.

No fixed method was possible. My husband and I believe, though, in the general principle of developing a child's sense of responsibility at an early age. He should be shown the consequences of his actions and should be taught to act from a sense of obligation, not constraint, and self-discipline should be learned from his parents' example."

With one son now doing his military service in Algeria and another who has just finished, Mme. Devaud is involved as a mother, as well as a legislator, in the burning political issue confronting France today: what to do about Algeria? A long-time supporter of De Gaulle, she staunchly backs his liberal policy of self-determination for Algeria and believes that it is possible for the two communities in Algeria, European and Moslem, eventually to live together in harmony. "Algeria's population is a hodgepodge of races, religions, and national strains," she admits. "But it is a land that none the less possesses an identity of its own—a 'soul,' if you like—and draws its strength from all elements of the population."

Marcelle Devaud's views on Algeria carry considerable weight, for she spent the first twenty-eight years of her life there. She was born in 1908 in the town of Constantine, one of three children of a local judge (today living in retirement in Algiers). Like many of the first French settlers in Algeria, her grandparents had emigrated from France for patriotic reasons, refusing to live on in Alsace and Lorraine when Germany annexed them after the War of 1870.

A bright student who seemed headed for a promising, university career, young Marcelle broke off her studies at eighteen, however, at the request of her philosophy professor at the Constantine lycée, Stanislas Devaud, who had other ideas for her. After their marriage in 1925, she became extremely active in church charities, founded several Ste Louise de Marillac women's auxiliaries, led Girl Scout groups, and took part in child welfare work. Then as now, the young couple's wide circle of friends included many Moslems.

In 1936, the Devauds' life took a big turn. With national elections coming up, France was in the throes of Popular Front agitation and threatened with Communist domination. Though he had little taste for politics, Stanislas Devaud was persuaded to stand for election as Constantine's representative in the French Chamber of Deputies. He won the election

(Continued on page 71)

STAGE AND SCREEN



Don Murray, in the role of Father Dismas Clark, talks with prison inmate in "The Hoodlum Priest"

★ The Convicts' Friend

THE HOODLUM PRIEST is a tribute to Father Dismas Clark, S.J., the St. Louis priest who has worked among the ex-convicts, convicts, and others in trouble with the law. He is the spirit behind the Dismas Clark Foundation, organized to rehabilitate ex-convicts. This is the story of the origin and early development of the idea and is concerned with the problems of many gray-world characters, but most especially with the regeneration of a young ex-convict who finds the road back to responsibility and respectability a difficult one. Unfortunately, there are more issues raised than solved in this drama. Don Murray plays Father Dismas, but the most impressive performance is contributed by Keir Dulles, who goes to the gas chamber frightened, though not obviously repentant. The film has been recommended for adolescents and adults by the Legion of Decency. (United Artists)

★ Movie Reviews in Brief

Readers of the comic strips will readily recognize **DONDI**, and those in the pre-teen bracket will find his movie antics thoroughly enjoyable. Played in an ingratiating style by David Kory, the moppet dominates a picture that accentuates the sentimental and avoids the merely maudlin. There are laughs as well, as the Italian war orphan smuggles aboard ship when his GI pals are returning to America. Patti Page and David Janssen are the grown-ups in this pleasantly amusing charade. (Allied Artists)

William Faulkner's **SANCTUARY**, a forerunner of the sex-drenched novels, was inevitably destined for the sick-movie cycle. It is a dalliance with depravity in which there is no compensating moral solution. The characters are equally callous as they follow paths of torment and degradation to what the author terms redemption. His is not a clearly defined idea of regeneration, but there is one touching and significant climactic scene in which a doomed Negress pleads with her errant mistress to seek out the truth in order to save herself. On the technical side, this has flaws as well. None of the characters have been clearly defined, and the

BY JERRY COTTER

motivations for their weird actions and reactions were mislaid in the translation of two novels into one motion picture. The players are thereby handicapped to a large extent. Lee Remick, as the governor's daughter who sank to the depths, is only fleetingly successful, while Yves Montand, as a Creole moonshiner, and Bradford Dillman, as a weak college boy, are unbelievable. *Sanctuary* is no refuge for the intelligent moviegoer, and it is not a hideout for the impressionables either. (20th Century-Fox)

The problems of the call girl continue to intrigue the movie-makers, if not the audience. In **GO NAKED IN THE WORLD**, we find Gina Lollobrigida as a member of the gilt-edged-telephone nymphs, involved with a father (Ernest Borgnine) and his son (Anthony Franciosa). In view of the mounting opposition to movie pandering, it is indeed a mystery why such sleazy and banal novels should be bought for the screen in the first place. The artistic values here are as minimal as the moral tone. (M-G-M)

GORG is a British-made thriller in which the title role is played by a sixty-five-foot sea dragon. It is a prehistoric beast fished from the sea off the coast of Ireland and sent to London for exhibition. In due course, Gorgo's mother, a hearty 250-foot specimen, emerges to seek her missing baby. Before their tender reunion is accomplished, Ireland and London are in ruins, and there is a grisly trail of victims. Those with fond recollections of *King Kong* should relish this exercise in terror-trimmed fantasy. (M-G-M)

Low comedy is the mood in **CRY FOR HAPPY**, an aimless, and often tasteless, account of Navy men on leave in Japan during the Korean War. They find quarters in a geisha house which is inhabited by four blandly charming girls. The dialogue and the situations heavily underline the suggestive, and the obvious as well. Glenn Ford, Donald O'Connor, Mike Taka, and Miyoshi Umeki are among those mired in this contrived farce. (Columbia)

Disney-style fun-making is the mood in **THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR**, a zany farce reminiscent of last year's spectacularly successful *Shaggy Dog*. Fred MacMurray has the title role of a teacher whose absorption with science causes him to miss three wedding dates with a long-suffering fiancée. His latest experiment destroys a lab but develops an antigravitational substance which he calls "Flubber." A flying Model T, a basketball team that soars as well as scores, and a frantic foray through Washington keep the laughs parading. If you are geared to this style of fun, you will enjoy this family comedy. (Buena Vista)

GOLD OF THE SEVEN SAINTS is more than a routine frontier yarn, though it has familiar ingredients. Two itinerant fur trappers, interestingly played by Clint Walker and Roger Moore of the TV assembly-line, discover a vein of pure gold. Their problem is to get their treasure through a stretch of badlands. Most of the situations are credible, the dialogue is realistic and fresh, while acting, photography, and direction are well above average. The climax does strike a jarring note in an otherwise effective suspense story. (Warner Bros.)

The headlines surrounding **THE MISFITS** may well lure the morbidly curious. Perhaps they will be satisfied, but those seeking either substance or artistic merit will be sorely tried at this exhibition. Storywise it is a confused mixture of symbolism, introspection, and the usual measure of Arthur Miller railing against moral standards and social conventions. This film and its creators never quite measure up to its goal as a social document. It is brutally harsh and never rises above despair and the lowest moral level. The acting is mediocre, and except for one exciting wild-horse roundup, offers little aside from Miller's groping and the uneasy performances of Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, Montgomery Clift, Thelma Ritter, and Eli Wallach. (United Artists)

★ The New Plays

Most of the current theater activity is centered in the off-Broadway areas, and an especially fine drama is to be found at The Blackfriars Guild, where Father Brendan Larnen's **CONNELLY vs. CONNELLY** made its initial appearance. His intriguing play is built around the courtroom climax in the case between Mother Cornelia Connelly, the foundress of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, and her former husband, who had instituted suit to invalidate the marital separation which had been granted them by the Holy Father. The Connelly story is as fascinating as it is unusual, and Father Larnen brings it alive in profoundly moving, and even exciting, scenes. He and The Guild are extremely fortunate in securing Adrienne Hazzard to interpret Mother

His dog yawns as scientist Fred MacMurray checks his equations in "The Absent-Minded Professor"



Connelly. She is an actress who is able to contribute serenity and strength in a role calling for both. Inasmuch as Mother Connelly is now being considered for beatification, this affecting and cleverly written drama will undoubtedly be seen in many showshops in the future. Properly presented, it would make a splendid film.

If most of our native drama is in the doldrums, the last few weeks have given indication that there is life and depth abroad. The Deutsches Schauspielhaus of Hamburg sent an impressive modern conception of the Goethe classic **FAUST** with the celebrated Gustaf Gruendgens in the leading role. Despite the language barrier, alleviated to some degree by transistor radios which offer a fragmentary English narration, this presentation of Part I is superb.

From India, a stylized, but beautiful, performance of Rabindranath Tagore's **KING OF THE DARK CHAMBER** combined poetic moments with those in which the song, dance, and mimicry of the land were artfully expressed. Tagore's allegory is in the tradition of a mysterious Indian drama and, as such, a welcome intrusion.

Dion Boucicault's **THE OCTOORON** won considerable acclaim during a short run. Written a century ago, this supercharged melodrama proved surprisingly fascinating in its contemporary analysis of slavery, emphasis on sentiment and roaring action, and the plight of the lovely octoroon who is sold at auction. Boucicault knew the theater of his time, and he had a flair for the sensational. Withal, his play holds up unusually well in a period when Tennessee Williams has taken over as the modern interpreter of southern damsels in distress.

★ Depressed Area

Broadway has not yet found its new frontier. In some respects the theater now resembles a disaster area. Even the casual observer must admit that the present season is, in

the trade argot, "a flop." According to Leland Hayward, two million dollars was lost at the season's halfway mark, and indications are that only 41 plays will have been produced in the 1960-61 season. This compares with 57 productions during the 1959-60 season, 87 attractions in the 1944-45 season, and 179 in the depression-ridden period of 1932-33. Obviously there is no place to go but up—to a new frontier in which vitality replaces the ennui of the modern playwright who seeks his themes in the recesses of the sick mind or of the tax-evader who invests in anything that seems like a foolproof write-off on those Internal Revenue forms.

The economics of the theater is complicated and, like all else in this inflated era, badly out of proportion. To survive today, a play needs an advance sale in the millions or an ecstatic reaction from the seven men who sit in judgment as critics of the New York press.

When the financial support of the theater-party groups has been withheld, a play stands little chance of a run, even less when the critics are lukewarm. A good example of that was *Julia, Jake, and Uncle Joe*, an amusing, if not hilarious, comedy of life in postwar Russia. It was based on the experiences of the former *Times* critic, Brooks Atkinson, and it starred Claudette Colbert. It opened and closed on the same night, an undeserving fate, when you consider the life span of some items on TV and in the movies.

Much the same fate befell Tallulah Bankhead in *Midgie Purvis*, a beguiling and interesting fantasy by Mary Chase. It lasted about two weeks. Many who might have found it worth an evening's visit have long since given up the theater habit. High prices and low moral standards are the twin specters which haunt the theater today.

If Broadway wants a new frontier, the producers, the artists, and the unions must be prepared to accept new ideals as well as ideas and a willingness to put aside personal gain for the common good. Otherwise, the current crisis may well develop into a disaster.

★ Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY:

Camelot; Do Re Mi; Leave It to Jane; Little Mary Sunshine; The Miracle Worker; The Music Man; Sound of Music; The Unsinkable Molly Brown; Wildcat

FOR ADULTS:

Advise and Consent; All the Way Home; Becket; The Best Man; Bye Bye Birdie; Connelly vs. Connelly; Critic's Choice; Fiorello; Midgie Purvis; The Octoroon; My Fair Lady; Rhinoceros; Take Me Along; The Tenth Man; The Wall (On Tour) The Andersonville Trial; Destry Rides Again; Flower Drum Song; J. B.; Once Upon a Mattress; A Raisin in the Sun

OBJECTIONABLE:

Elsa Lanchester-Herself; Gypsy; Irma La Douce; Show Girl; A Taste of Honey; Three-penny Opera; Toys in the Attic; Under the Yum Yum Tree (On Tour) Period of Adjustment



Gerry Judd, Robert Blackburn, Franklin Cover, and Alan Weeks in the revival of Boucicault's "Octoroon"

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BY KATHERINE BURTON

Woman to Woman



Scholarships for Negroes

Glancing through an anthology, I came across this from a poem by Whittier, who, a few years before the Civil War, attended a national, anti-slavery convention:

"Yet sometimes glimpses on my sight
Through present wrong the eternal right;
And, step by step, since time began,
I see the steady gain of man."

It makes a good text for the unhappy, present problem of integration of our Negro citizens.

While the debate about their brain power and status at drugstore counters and in buses goes on, there also goes on, but more quietly, the relentless, peaceful search of the Negro for what the Supreme Court has labeled his right: citizenship with all its rewards and hazards. People, no matter what their color, who march with screaming imprecations do not really matter, except for the embarrassment they cause. I think often of what Martin Luther King said to a crowd of Negroes when the Montgomery bus strike was beginning and his people were demonstrating that they could walk if they wanted to even if threats were being made to jail them if they did not use the buses. He said, "Walk—but walk with God."

Today, more and more white people are marching with them—some actually, some with their hearts and their prayers. Neither South nor North is guiltless by any means of discrimination. But there is a group, growing always larger, which will one day stop the screaming voices so that quieter voices of the reasonable South can be heard and in the North the unhappy situation will be ended too.

Coping with the educational problem of the Negro is a woman who is herself southern born and bred and who for the past fourteen years has devoted herself to the education of the Negro in the field of higher education. Caroline Jenkins' own grandmother had founded the first Catholic school for colored children in Baltimore, but her granddaughter's interest remained general until she read an article by another valiant proponent of the Negro right to what all American citizens are entitled. "The time is long past," wrote Father La Farge, "when Catholics should help their colored co-religionists."

It caught Mrs. Putnam's attention. The way to begin was to begin, she decided. She and her husband, Roger Lowell Putnam, then a recent convert to the Church, offered a scholarship for a Negro at a Catholic college for women; the one stipulation was that the young woman be also a boarder at the college. It was at first a personal venture but, on the advice of Archbishop Cushing, its scope was enlarged by organization. The Archbishop, her husband and herself, and several directors—one a Negro—organized Catholic Scholarships for Negroes and sent out appeals for funds

and for the aid of colleges. That was in 1947. One girl went to college that year. Today it is a joy to see the long list in her folder—I counted sixty-two different colleges which Negroes are now attending on scholarships offered by the colleges; the other expenses are met by the Fund and some of them by the students themselves.

These young people have very definitely proven themselves; many have taken higher degrees after their graduation. When one reads their letters, one feels heartened. A young woman from South Carolina who has just been elected to Phi Beta Kappa and given a Fulbright scholarship to study in France writes, "My dream comes true now—but the honor is far less mine than yours and the wonderful people who made this possible." A young man writes to thank the Fund for his years at a Catholic college out of which has come a Woodrow Wilson Fellowship. He is now studying for his doctorate at Harvard. Still another, also on a Fulbright, is at Heidelberg University. One has a teaching fellowship at Harvard, thanks to a Fund scholarship.

These young men and women are the cream of the crop of their race. They have been given a chance to show what they can do and they have done very well indeed. It would appear to give the lie to the often repeated remark that the Negro brain is inferior to the white. Scientists will tell you that any differences in infancy are due to biological factors, not to color. True, older colored children are often definitely behind white in achievement, but that is a matter of environment and "life goals."

Father Fidelis Rice, C.P., has an interesting story to tell about Mrs. Putnam. She had been on his radio program and told in her quiet but dynamic way how Negroes were being helped to education through the Fund. When the interview was carried abroad on an armed forces network, a request came from a Negro soldier: could he have a copy of the interview? Later he wrote again: he had had it mimeographed and hundreds of copies were sent out at the very time Communists were advertising abroad the unhappy events at Little Rock. The effect had been wonderful: it made many realize that America was not anti-Negro by pointing out the work being done by white people to bring about education and justice for the colored.

Father Fidelis then quoted from the great Cardinal Suhard: "To be a witness does not mean to engage in propaganda or stirring people up." It is very applicable to the quietly persuasive Mrs. Putnam, who has entered an as yet only partially explored field, that of the higher education of the Negro by gifts from Catholics and Catholic colleges. Those who aid her work are conscious that they are helping educate priests, doctors, lawyers, nurses, teachers, musicians, engineers.

The results show that, as Whittier phrased it years ago, one can glimpse through present wrong the eternal right.

SIGNPOST

your questions answered

BY ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.

Gloves: Abstinence on Submarine

(1) *What is Church protocol about women's wearing gloves when receiving Holy Communion? I have lived in many cities and have observed that most women receive with ungloved hands. (2) What is the Church regulation regarding Friday abstinence for men aboard a submarine in wartime?*—EDEN, N. Y.

(1) The only general regulation concerning women and their attire when receiving Holy Communion is Canon 1262 of the Code of Canon Law, which states that they should have their heads covered and be modestly dressed when they approach the Table of the Lord. There is no mention of gloves. In this matter, it seems that a woman ought to conform to the pattern set by the majority of modest women, who receive Holy Communion with ungloved hands.

(2) While in active service, all members of the armed forces are dispensed from the common law of fast and abstinence, except on Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday, and the Vigil of Christmas.

Pre-Adamites

"The Catholic Home Encyclopedia of the Bible" on the topic Pre-Adamites says that a few groups held this theory, but it is erroneous because it denies the unity of man and the universality of original sin. Considering the above, isn't it possible that human beings could have existed prior to Adam and have died out before his creation? The reason I ask is because the opening line reads "human beings," while the last line reads "rational beings." The closing line leads one to speculate that if the above question is not so, then there may have been rational beings other than God, angels, and men.—PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Rational and human are synonymous. A human being is a rational animal: animal as to his body, and rational to his soul. A rational being is an intelligent being, at least in potency. God, angels, and men exhaust the meaning of intelligent beings. There are no others.

The theory that human beings existed prior to the creation of Adam and Eve but were extinct when Adam was created is not in accord with Holy Scripture. It is pure speculation, for which there is no evidence whatever. A similar theory, that there were human beings not sprung from Adam and Eve, is directly contrary to the teaching of



the Bible concerning the universality of original sin and the necessity of redemption. Adam called the name of his wife Eve (who was formed from Adam) because she was the mother of all the living. (Gen. 3:20) St. Paul declared that God "hath made of one all mankind, to dwell upon the whole face of the earth." (Acts 17:26)

Rhythm: Sterilization

(1) *Must a Catholic couple obtain the permission of a priest before they may practice rhythm? (2) Would it be permissible to sterilize a mentally deficient girl to prevent her pregnancy?*

(1) Strictly speaking, it is not necessary for a couple who intend to practice rhythm in their marriage to obtain permission from a priest, if they are convinced they have sufficient reason for it, provided, however, these two conditions are fulfilled: it is mutually agreed to, and its practice does not involve for either party so great a burden that it would become an occasion of serious sins against chastity. However, in some cases in which the reasons for rhythm are doubtful, it is advisable to consult a priest for more certainty as to its lawful use.

(2) The end never justifies the means. This teaching of St. Paul the Apostle (Rom. 3:8) is the doctrine of the Catholic Church as well as of sound ethics. Therefore, it is not lawful to directly sterilize a mentally defective female in order to prevent her pregnancy. Such a result, desirable though it may be, must be attained by lawful means such as institutional care.

Mass Stipends

Would you please explain stipends for Masses?—STEVENS POINT, MICH.

The Bible says, "Know you not that they who work in the holy place eat the things that are of the holy place? And they that serve the altar partake with the altar? So also the Lord ordained that they who preach the Gospel should live by the Gospel." (I Cor. 9:13,14) St. Paul refers to the priests of the Old Law, who received the choice parts of the animals that were offered in sacrifice to God. For the same reason, priests of the New Law are to be supported by the faithful.

Stipends for the offering of Masses are one of the means of the priests' support. It is a custom of very long standing sanctioned by the Church.

In order to assure uniformity the bishop of the diocese stipulates the various offerings for priestly ministrations, not, of course, as a price for them, but as a means of material support.

Orthodox Churches and Anglican Orders

I read in a Catholic magazine that the Russian Orthodox Church condemned Anglican Orders. I would like to know when. I also understand that the Greek Orthodox Church approved of them. This seems to me inconsistent in view of the coming ecumenical meeting in Rome.—DETROIT, MICH.

The Russian Orthodox Church openly repudiated the validity of Anglican Orders at the Moscow Conference in 1948. The Greek Orthodox are not a church, but churches. Each one is autocephalous, or independent, and only by loose federation can they be called united. Thus, one

Patriarch may sanction something, but the other heads of churches may condemn it.

Donald Attwater in his *Dissident Eastern Churches* says, "in 1922, Oecumenical Patriarch, Meletios IV, recognized the validity of Anglican Orders, and Jerusalem and Cyprus concurred in the decision. Five years later, the same prelate recognized them on behalf of the Church of Alexandria, and in 1936 the holy synod of Rumania accepted them." Such recognition, however, is of a peculiar character. It is an example of "economy"—a canonical fiction which means that an Orthodox Church will recognize Anglican Orders, provided Anglican clergymen become converts to an Orthodox Church. It is a kind of retroactive validation of Orders contingent on conversion. It should be mentioned that the Orthodox Churches consider sacraments administered and received by the non-Orthodox as invalid, unless one is converted to an Orthodox Church. "This principle applies specifically only to Roman, Anglican, Polish National, Old Catholic, and Uniate clergymen, who unite with Orthodox and who desire to continue to officiate as clergymen in one of the Orthodox churches by performing the rites of the Orthodox." "Priests by 'Economy,'" *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, February, 1961.

Faithful Ireland

I have heard the statement that Ireland is the only country in the world that did not have to be reconverted after Saint Patrick died. Can this claim be verified?—HOLYOKE, MASS.

Ireland can be justly proud that it has remained faithful to the faith preached by Saint Patrick, its noted apostle, even at the cost of great and sometimes heroic sacrifices. For this they are deserving of great honor among the faithful. But it is going too far to maintain that this honor belongs exclusively to Ireland. Other countries have preserved the faith and never required reconversion. Poland, Italy, Spain, and Bavaria are among this number.

T. V. Guide

As a mother of seven children, I am very much interested in making sure that they do not watch any television program that would be harmful to them. Is there any listing of programs similar to our movie guide?—ALGONA, IOWA.

The National Legion of Decency, 453 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York, furnishes lists of moving pictures that are televised and adds ratings to them, as with moving pictures shown in theaters. These lists are printed in many diocesan weeklies.

Crackers and Fast

(1) In your answer in the January issue regarding the observance of a fast day, you said, "Why not eat your dessert at your meal and enjoy the above mitigation with a cracker or two, which from time immemorial has been considered allowed." This is the first time I heard that a "cracker or two" didn't break the fast. (2) Is a life-saver candy and would eating one break the fast?—HARTFORD, CONN.

*(1) In the days when the observance of the ecclesiastical fast was much stricter than it is today, liquids like wine and beer were permitted for quenching thirst, and a little cracker could be taken once or twice *ne potus noceat*—lest the drink be harmful. The cracker was allowed after the manner of*

medicine. This was suggested as a better solution than the one mentioned in the query, which would entail undue prolongation of the principal meal. On second thought, the mention of a cracker or two might be omitted, since the mitigated fast allows liquids, as milk, which heretofore was considered nourishment itself. (2) It would be permitted to ease the throat rather than for nourishment, though it would probably contain a little. We must avoid two extremes in this matter—laxity and pharisaic strictness.

Holy Saturday

Your reply in the December issue to the question about a Catholic serviceman visiting his home and eating meat on days of abstinence says that he must abstain on Holy Saturday. In St. Louis, Missouri, Holy Saturday is a day of fast but not of abstinence.—ST. LOUIS, MO.

In their meeting in November, 1956, the American ordinaries decided to make Holy Saturday a day of fast only, but as the norms of fast and abstinence in the United States receive their binding force when applied by the local ordinary, it is necessary to follow the regulations promulgated for each one's diocese.

Graces to Atheists

Don't you think that God in His infinite mercy enters into the mind and even knocks at the heart of every good living atheist some time in his life, but is turned away?—CHICOOPEE FALLS, MASS.

It is a doctrine of the Catholic Church that God sincerely wishes the salvation of all men and gives graces sufficient to attain this end. This implies the bestowal of graces of enlightenment and inspiration to seek the truth, which graces, however, are not coercive, since men are free to accept or reject them. Therefore, those who refuse to cooperate with such graces are responsible for their failure to attain salvation. God could say to them, "I called but you refused."

No Double Ceremony

If a mixed marriage was first performed in the Catholic Church, would it be permissible for the Protestant's sake to go through a Protestant ceremony afterward? If this has been done, innocently or otherwise, what are the consequences for the Catholic?—NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

The law in the matter is as follows: "Even though a dispensation from the impediment of mixed religion has been granted, the parties may not, either before or after the marriage entered into before the Church, approach either personally or by proxy a non-Catholic minister, acting in his religious capacity, to give or to renew their matrimonial consent." (Canon 1063) The Church, therefore, emphatically forbids two religious ceremonies when there is question of entering into a mixed marriage—one before a Catholic priest and the other before a non-Catholic minister, acting as such. This prohibition is clearly explained to the couple and they freely agree to observe it; otherwise no dispensation would be granted.

Catholics who violate this prohibition incur excommunication, the absolution from which is reserved to the Ordinary of the diocese. (Canon 2319) The Church does not presume innocence on the Catholic's part.



GONE TO FLY HIS KITE

BY RED SMITH



KNOPF-PIX

Will Yolen and his kite: ecstasy of a figure-eight in the air

Will Yolen is the greatest kite flyer in the world. Of course, championships come in strange ways in this highly disorganized sport

When Will Yolen lunches at his club—he is secretary of the Overseas Press Club in New York—witty friends call to him across the room, “Hey, Will, go fly your kite.” Will, who tends to close his eyes when he talks, cocks his chin toward the ceiling, lifts heavy lids just enough to open cold and beady slits, and turns back to his vichysoise.

Will can afford to be contemptuous. He is the greatest kite flyer in the world, which is pretty good in its own right and better still when you consider that he never started flying kites until he was a grown man back from World War II working for Hill & Knowlton, the public relations people. “I wasted my youth playing baseball when I should have been flying kites,” he says repentantly.

Everybody knows what Floyd Patterson looks like, but the kite flying champion of the world could stand on his head in Macy’s window at high noon and never be recognized. For the record, he is fifty-one years old, stands five-feet-five, weighs 141 pounds, and, as I said, closes his eyes when he talks.

A long time ago, before he knew the ecstasy of making a kite do a figure-eight, he was press agent for the entertainment section of the New York World’s Fair. From tubthumper for kooch dancers, he soared to managing editor of an underground radio station in England broadcasting to occupied

territories before the invasion.

“Nobody told me when D-Day was coming off,” he says now, “but about once a week I’d get the whole staff in and do a dry run on a D-Day broadcast. By accident, I started a dry run just a day or so before the real D-Day. An officer rushed in hollering that I had to stop it, I was destroying the security of the whole flippin’ allied forces.

“I had the sense to say, ‘Look, if I cut this off now right in the middle, it’s a cinch it will tip everybody off that something is up.’ The officer said he guessed I was right, and we went on and finished, but I thought they were going to send me alone into a room with a pistol holding one silver bullet.”

Will lived through the war and came home and started flying kites. He used to live in Connecticut, but he moved down to New Rochelle for flying space over Long Island Sound. He has a private kite collection which, according to the top kite man in the Smithsonian Institute, is finer than the Institute’s collection. About a year ago Will went to India.

“I’d been reading about the great kite flyers over there,” he says. “I’d flown in Copenhagen and Rome and Nassau and Virginia and Adamant, Vermont. In 1957, I really won the world championship in Nassau, but I didn’t want to be selfish. Kite flyers are nice guys.

There was this gentleman from South Africa, a real big man in his country, so we let him go back home as the South African champion. Actually I’d beaten everybody—him and two Englishmen and a Chinaman from Formosa, but I just claimed the Western Hemisphere championship and let everybody else have the title in his own country.

“As I say, I’d been reading about the kite masters of India, so when four guys I knew needed a fifth for a big-game expedition, I joined up. I’ve shot at an occasional rabbit or bird in my time, but I’m a kite flyer, not a hunter. Still, this was a way to get to India. At first the airline people said my gear would have to be stowed in the luggage bay, but I explained I was a flyer, too, really in the same business as they were, so they extended professional courtesies.

“In Calcutta I was given the V.I.P. treatment, with a car and guide. I’m secretary of the Overseas Press Club and they thought that was government. In Calcutta they’ve got what they call the Red Fort, with a great open space in front where they fly kites.

“There must have been hundreds of kids there when I broke out a non-rigid job for a little demonstration. Kite flying, you understand, is the least organized sport in the world. I wrote to Lyman Bingham once trying to get it into the Olympics and he gave me some

sort of double-talk about professionalism. You ever hear of a professional kite flyer? All kite flyers die poor.

"They have crude, new games like basketball in the Olympics, but they won't recognize one of the most ancient and noblest sports in the world with a body of tradition that would make the Knights of the Round Table look sick. Why, there's a record of a Chinese emperor held prisoner in a high tower 5,000 years ago who escaped on a kite that was flown up to his window.

"The stuffed shirts won't recognize the sport, though, so we have to make up our own rules as we go along. Over here, it's a game of skill; the winner is the one who can get his kite up fastest and highest, control it best, make it do the most things like dancing, rolling, looping, and figure-eights.

"That's for individual competition. I've also got a six-man team that flies a kite measuring twelve-by-twelve, 144 square feet. I'm the lead man and there's a reel man, a dirt man to set his heels in the earth, and so on. A little guy like me, if I tried to fly that job alone, it would carry me clear across Long Island to—what comes after Long Island?—England. We've got the best kites in the world; we can put up more stuff than Russia, you'll be happy to know.

"So, as I say, I put up a kite in front of the Red Fort. I don't run to pull the kite up. I use a rod and reel, either a flyrod or casting rod. I whip the kite around and around, letting out more and more string, until I catch an up-draft. I can control the line and keep the kite low, just a few feet above the ground, and send it out three or four hundred feet, then shoot it up like a rocket.

"Those kids in Calcutta never saw anything like it. I really had that kite dancing. It was ecstasy, greatest thing for international relations, terrific for American prestige. The kids were whooping and cheering.

"What I didn't know, they fight kites in India. They use a string of some glazed material that we don't even have over here, and their kite is a type that climbs in a series of jerks. If they cross your string with that glazed stuff, they can saw your line in two, and when they cut you down, they get to keep your kite.

"I didn't know any of this. I also didn't know that this guide I had was not only a guide but a dirty kite flyer besides. He couldn't stand watching my triumph. He sneaked out a kite of his own, came around my blind side, crossed my string, and cut me down.

"The humiliation of it! Worst disgrace of my career. Here I was building American prestige hand over fist, and

this creep cared more about getting my kite than he did about international relations. I never knew he was there and then, bloop, my kite blew away.

"The kids were infuriated, embarrassed for India at this treatment of a visitor. They chased my kite down, and for the first time in the history of the sport over there, they wouldn't give the guy his prize. He was hollering that the kite belonged to him, but the kids passed it from hand to hand and hid it under their shirts and finally they got it back to me and rushed me into my car.

"I rode off and the kids cheered *Viva la Americana!* or whatever Indians yell.

"I tell you, I was mortified, but there wasn't anything I could do about it because now I had to go pick a fight with a man-eating tiger. That's where I'd like to have had that guide, but I never saw the sneak again.

"I had a magazine assignment to interview Nehru about kite flying—he's very good, I understand—but reports had come in about this man-eater out in the jungle so away we went. It was away off in the central provinces, about a hundred miles south of Delhi in the section where Clive of India and wheels like that would go shooting. The ruler of the area, the Maharajah of Bharatpur, has his hunting palace there.

"He's a tremendous sportsman, handsome, the hunting prince and the kite-flying prince. Besides being the religious leader of maybe two million people, he's the mighty hunter who takes care of tigers. This tiger we were after had been around killing people, so when the prince went out after him, these

people would fall on their faces and kiss his pants, because they don't like to be eaten.

"I won't bore you with the hunting except to say I didn't bag a tiger, I just bagged him to go away. Three blessed nights I had to sit in a tree, with a poor, little goat staked out down below as bait and a leopard prowling around in the black jungle and me looking nervously back over my shoulder, because a leopard can climb trees and he's one animal that will stalk you.

"I missed the leopard, and when we went out after tiger, the beaters drove him right through my station and I couldn't do a thing about it. Here I was up on a machan, which is a platform built in a tree, with hundreds of beaters whooping barefoot through the jungle throwing firecrackers and hollering.

"The fellows I was with, they were all great hunters who traveled 10,500 miles just to get one shot at a tiger. So the tiger picks out me, a kite flyer, and then goes slithering through the jungle showing just flashes of orange, too fast for me to get a bead on him.

"The worst of it was, after I missed the leopard and again after I botched the tiger hunt, we'd get back to the palace and there'd be a great big victory ball. Hideously embarrassing. I could imagine what those poor, barefoot beaters would tell their wives after a tough day in the jungle.

"Any luck?" says the memsahib. "Luck!" says the poor slob. "With Yolen along? Listen, we could jump more tigers than Clyde Beatty can point a kitchen chair at, and that kite flyer wouldn't have his gun up yet."

IN THE SIGN NEXT MONTH

The Story of a Bride

12 Pages of Photos from Engagement to Altar

VIOLENCE.....



OR GENTLENESS



FOR CHILDREN?

One of the cartoons in a recent issue of *Punch*, the British magazine, showed a father, mother, and their small son seated in the living room of their home watching the television set. On the screen there was a scene of violent action. The father and mother stared at it in horrified fascination. The little boy, with his father's hands clasped over his eyes, was protesting. "At least," he wailed, "you can tell me who's bashing whom."

This family scene illustrates the point that violence on TV is an international affliction. In Britain and other foreign countries, most of the shootings, slippings, knifings, and other varieties of deadly combat presented on TV are to be found in programs imported from the United States. Our crime and western shows have caught on with foreign audiences, just as they have in this country, and many parents and educators on both sides of the Atlantic are worried about it.

Last year the British Broadcasting Corporation, heeding protests from members of the audience, drafted a code that was to apply to telecasts shown during afternoon and early evening hours.

The code took a stand against programs of "intriguing weapons, traps, and pitfalls, from sabotaged bicycles to trip wires." It noted that "cashes, knives, whips, and bottles are more suspect than rifles or swords because they are more easily available." It condemned "bad habits in good characters, such as smoking or hitting below the belt." It listed as "danger points," television "situations which upset emotional security, arising out of adoption, desertion, cruelty, unwanted children, or friction between parents." On the proscribed list were simulated "nightmares and stuttering." A British journalist recently noted that the code has not made any noticeable difference in TV programs.

Although there has been no concerted effort to establish a similar code in the United States, it is likely that an attempt to do so would be resisted and would achieve no permanent results. For violence and horror have always held a certain fascination for children as well as adults. The idea of entirely eliminating these elements from the screen is fatuous.

Dr. Walter C. Alvarez, a member of the medical staff of the Mayo Clinic, once referred to the practice, during the Middle Ages, of burning a victim to death, flaying him, or using horses to pull him apart. "It was good, clean fun and parents paid well for a front seat so that the family could see what went on," he said, adding wryly that now, instead of watching the executions in a town square, the family gathers before the television set.

This may be a somewhat exaggerated concept. But in the pages of literature there are thousands of stories that have appealed to children in spite of—and to a great extent because of—the factors of fear and violence. Fairy tales abound with violent incidents. The battle between Jack, the beanstalk climber, and the Giant is as terrifying in its own way as any saloon duel in which Marshal Matt Dillon ever engaged on "Gunsmoke."

TELEVISION AND RADIO

By John P. Shanley

The average gum-chewing, cap-pistol-toting youngster of today is sophisticated enough to realize that life is not going to be just a series of strawberry festivals. He has been exposed to enough conversation and pictures of the desperate plight of the modern world to make him reject false visions of a pretty, pink future. He has a good idea that civilization is more jungle than pasture, and he cannot be insulated entirely from unpleasant reality. The question is: how much "unpleasant reality" should a child see?

A Constant Sight. Dr. Frederic Wertham, a noted New York psychiatrist, tells a story about a talk he once had with a sweet six-year-old girl. He asked her to draw something she had seen on television. Her color scheme was massive red, with a lot of black and a little blue. She said: "I drew the picture of a man in his hotel room and someone came in from the window and he had a stick in his hand and he's going to hit the man over the head." Dr. Wertham commented: "Nothing that occupies a child for several hours a day over a long period of time can be entirely without influence on him."

Another psychiatrist, Dr. Peter B. Neubauer, has said that a "constant" show of violence, "under water, over water, on the ground, and in the air," reinforces the fears of children, particularly those between the ages of four and seven years, and sometimes triggers nightmares.

The significant words in the above statements are "for several hours a day over a long period of time" (Dr. Wertham) and "constant" (Dr. Neubauer). For it is not the quality of violence as much as the quantity that can be dangerous to children's minds.

For the generation that passed through childhood just before television, there were stories of violence and foul fighting in books, dime novels, and movies. Some of the "bad guys" who sought to end the careers of stalwarts like Tom Mix and Nick Carter were as rough and unethical as television's vilders. But the young people of that era didn't take in nearly as much of this as today's children see on TV.

It is not at all unusual now for children to see twenty hours of television a week. There have been reports of cases in which the total exceeds forty hours. Of what? A study conducted by the National Association for Better Radio and Television in the Los Angeles area produced in one week the following roster of crimes depicted in TV shows before 9 P.M.: 161 murders, 192 attempted murders, 83 robberies, 15 kidnappings, 24 conspiracies to commit murder, and 49 other instances of violence.

Another survey, covering several thousand children, tended to show that the programs they watched did not seem to change them significantly one way or the other, but it was noted that a child's background, intelligence, environment, and personality were factors that would have to be considered in making any specific appraisal. At any rate, there have been cases in which children who committed crimes of violence said they had been influenced by programs on TV.

The Gentle. In contrast to this parade of unpleasantness, let's look for a moment at some pleasantness offered children on other shows. These, too, influence children. Consider the difference. One of these is "Captain Kangaroo," conducted on weekday mornings over C.B.S. by Bob Keeshan, a thirty-four-year-old graduate of Fordham University, who has three children of his own. His shows represent a felicitous combination of fun and information. He has done programs on subjects such as Leonardo Da Vinci, Alexander Graham Bell, submarines, and the St. Lawrence Seaway, and all of them have been designed to win the approval of viewers from three to eight years old.

"Captain Kangaroo" has survived despite the harsh economics of TV. At one time it was said that the program was losing a substantial amount of money each year for the network but that it was kept on the air because of testimonials from parents and teachers.

Keeshan, a perceptive man, has said: "It's one of the tragedies of bringing up children today that gentleness is associated with weakness. We try to place a gentleness in the person of Captain Kangaroo."

Another TV series that still attracts large numbers of children from coast to coast on Sunday evenings is "Lassie." It has survived cast changes—its current headliners are Jon Provost, as the boy, June Lockhart, as his mother, and of course Lassie. Its stories are generally heartwarming, although sometimes they tend to be saccharine and tear-inducing. Lassie has had so many close calls with malevolent dog catchers and other villains that if she were human, she would undoubtedly be under analysis by now. In its favor, it must be said that "Lassie" often carries a message of the importance of kindness—to humans as well as animals—and of unselfishness. These are qualities seldom emphasized on TV these days.

The most popular of all television shows for children, "Peter Pan," has now been recorded on tape and will be shown annually by N.B.C.

A Balanced Judgment. Gentleness or violence—what should the children see? We can't immunize children from violence in life, but we can and should protect them so that it doesn't fill their lives. Violence, unfortunately, will continue to dominate the screen, and parents will have to persevere to let gentleness into their children's lives too. If children are allowed to sit before the receiver day after day watching an endless parade of violence and nonsense, they may not suffer any damaging effects that are immediately apparent. But the long-range damage to their intellects may be irreparable.

If their viewing is regulated so that they learn that there is a great deal more to life than pistols and punches, the television set can open new and valuable vistas for them. Balanced exposure to television, combined with other intelligent and healthful forms of diversion, can help to equip them for the challenging life that lies ahead.

BOOK REVIEWS

How many Catholics are missing the point of the glorious Resurrection of Christ?

THE RESURRECTION

By Francis X. Durrwell, C.Ss.R.
Sheed & Ward. 369 pages. \$6.00

"Jesus Our Lord . . . was delivered up for our sins, and rose again for our justification." For many Christians, this passage from Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans (4:25) merely means that Jesus rose from the dead to prove His divine mission, that the Resurrection is simply a powerful argument for believing in Jesus. How terribly narrow such views are we find amply demonstrated in this great book written by Father Durrwell.

Father Durrwell is a French Redemptorist. Formerly a professor of Sacred Scripture, he is presently a Provincial Superior in his order. His theological knowledge is happily rooted in profound knowledge of the Bible.

The present book was born out of his excitement over a few key texts of St. Paul about Christ dying for our sins and rising for our justification. Research sent him back over the history of man's salvation as recorded in the Old Testament and to a close reexamination of the New Testament texts—in the synoptic Gospels, in the Gospel according to St. John, in the Apocalypse, and particularly in the Epistles of St. Paul. The result turned out to be a great work of biblical theology, a splendid synthesis of divine revelation as recorded in the Bible. But at the very heart of the great mysteries of the Trinity, the Creation, the Incarnation and Redemption, the Mass and the sacraments, the divine indwelling, and life everlasting, at the very heart of all these mysteries, the author has found shining forth the resplendent mystery of Christ's Resurrection—and man's incorporation into that everlasting, risen glory of Christ's.

Obviously in love with his subject, a love that flames through the splendor of ideas rather than the splendor of verbal imagery, the author shows understandable impatience with those teachers and preachers of Christianity who pass lightly over the central significance of the Resurrection of Christ.

"Not so long ago, theologians used to study the Redemption without men-

tioning the Resurrection at all," he complains. "The fact of Easter was made to yield its utmost as a piece of apologetics; but no one thought of examining it in itself as one of the inexhaustible mysteries of our salvation."

Father Durrwell does not underestimate the importance of Christ's death on the cross—His work of expiation, of reparation, of satisfaction, as well

as of meriting for us our justification and life everlasting. He places strong emphasis on the light shed on the mystery of death and the present state of humanity by the death of Christ on the cross. Being baptized in Christ's death, we also have to die to the flesh that we may rise in the Spirit. But he rightly insists, as the great St. Thomas did seven hundred years ago, that the Scriptures set forth the active, causal influence which Christ's Resurrection exercises in bringing us forth from a state of sin to a state of grace and the final glory of human flesh. He emphasizes that it is into the body of the risen and glorified Christ that we, the members of the Mystical Body, are incorporated. Once he has placed the Resurrection of Christ as wrought by the power of the Holy Spirit in its central place, it is amazing the splendid insights which follow as he examines text after text in the New Testament.

He makes it crystal clear that according to the writings of the New Testament and the testimony of the apostolic fathers, the great message that gripped the early Christians was that of the risen Lord. The Resurrection was the crowning triumph of Christ's whole mission to mankind—the crowning triumph of human history. Through Christ's Resurrection, the power of the Holy Spirit has burst into this world of time with "power and glory," and already, out of this dying world, a new world is being fashioned.

For those who think of the Crucifixion as the central act in the drama of our salvation, this book will be an eye opener. Although our justification and resurrection are merited on the cross, yet they are effected by the Holy Spirit through the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit is "the vivifying principle by which the Saviour returned to life, in which He lives divinely, and which spreads out to the faithful from the glorified body of Christ."

The great liturgical revival in the Church is centered in the mystery of the Resurrection. It is a resplendent revival that has been greatly aided by the striking advances of modern biblical scholarship, of which Father Durrwell's book is an excellent example. The fruit of such scholarship, combined with the

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9. **MEDITATIONS FOR RELIGIOUS.** By Cardinal Cushing. \$3.00. St. Paul
10. **THE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE MANUAL.** By Msgr. George A. Kelly. \$4.95. Random House

liturgical movement within the Church, can but radiate new life and light throughout the entire Church—with new power and glory. Catholics today are blessed to be caught up in such a providential movement which will renew their lives, add new splendor to the word of God preached from the pulpit, and also, we hope, illumine the rostrum of every Catholic school and college in the land.

Father Durrwell's book makes a perfect Easter gift. It is a pity that so fine a work of thorough Christian scholarship and spiritual insight had to wait ten years for an English translation.

JAMES FISHER, C.S.P.

APPROACH TO CALVARY

By Dom Hubert van Zeller, O.S.B.
Sheed & Ward. 128 pages. \$2.95

Those who complain that books on the Passion have no relevance for the ordinary reader with his problems and sufferings will welcome *Approach to Calvary*, a book designed to help the reader see the Passion in his life, and his life in the Passion.

The author's "primary purpose is to treat of problems connected with pain as a whole: why there has to be pain, how it justifies itself, what we are expected to do about it." He divides the book into chapters corresponding to the Stations of the Cross, "to relate particular aspects of human suffering to particular incidents of Christ's experience."

Rarely has an author portrayed so well the union in suffering between Christ and the Christian. He shows that the Christian triumphs over his sufferings in the same way as Christ, through sacrifice and self-surrender. Christ's falls under the cross give meaning to ours; "if we are to resemble Christ we should expect to resemble Him in failure." Our lesson in suffering from Mary is "Compassion"; from Simon, "Co-operation"; from Veronica, "Generosity."

Thus Dom van Zeller casts new light on each station, making the Passion ever more real for us. This light is refracted into many rays, each illuminating some aspect of the mystery of suffering but refocused again to make still more brilliant the pure, white light of Christ Crucified.

One who reads this book thoughtfully will never be like "the Christian who gets no further than the instruments of the Passion, who sees only the scenes of the Passion, who gives nothing in return to the Passion but a superficial devotion to its symbols." For he will have learned from Dom van Zeller what must be "our approach to Calvary; we come bearing our own

crosses, all men together, as fellow-victims and co-sufferers with Christ."

KENT RUMMENIE, C.P.

ST. PAUL OF THE CROSS: HIS SPIRIT AND VIRTUES

By Cajetan Reynders, C.P. Trans.
& revised by Louis Maillet, C.P., and
Xavier Welch, C.P.
Catholic Book Publishing Company.
414 pages. \$3.00

Recent years have witnessed a growing interest in the founder of the Passionist Congregation, Saint Paul of the Cross. He is today recognized as one of the great saints of the Church. Much of the credit for this is due to the untiring labors of a Belgian Passionist, Cajetan Reynders.

Father Cajetan dug into the dusty volumes of St. Paul's canonization processes and uncovered valuable data on the saint. He also utilized the many letters of St. Paul. The results of his research were made public in several French monographs. Recent biographers of St. Paul owe a great debt to the scholarship of this Belgian Passionist.

Father Cajetan's method was quite simple. From the official files of the canonization records he gathered eyewitness testimony. This data he grouped around a facet of St. Paul's life or spirit: his activities as founder, missionary, or spiritual director.

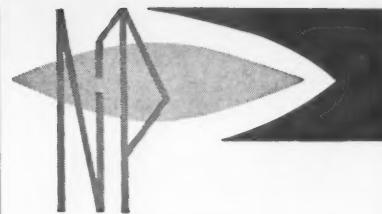
The present monograph, entitled in the original *Esprit et vertus de S. Paul de la Croix*, contains data on the founder's practice of the Christian virtues. The author treats of his faith, his various devotional practices, his warm charity, and his austere mortification. In a word, he has given us an authentic picture of St. Paul's spiritual physiognomy. The reader feels that St. Paul of the Cross was a likeable, living person with whom one would like to have lived.

It should be stressed, however, that *St. Paul of the Cross: His Spirit and Virtues* savors more of an anthology than a literary study. Father Cajetan was above all a researcher and compiler. It remains for another to draw the delicate lines necessary for the finished portrait of St. Paul of the Cross. In the meantime, many will find inspiration from Father Cajetan's unadorned presentation.

Two American Passionists, Fathers Louis Maillet and Xavier Welch, have translated the work into smooth, fluent English. The publisher has produced a pleasing edition at a moderate price.

We recommend this book to all who would like to know better the warm personality of a great missionary saint.

ROGER MERCURIO, C.P.



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Fifty poems by a priest-poet whose work has appeared in *America*, *The Catholic World*, *Modern Age*, *Poetry*, and several other publications. Father Roseliep "is a poet to savor and one for whose future we will keep vigil."—from the Preface by John Logan. Soon \$3.50

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HIS CROSS IN YOUR LIFE

By Bertrand Weaver, C.P. 154 pages.
St. Paul Publications. \$3.25

Father Bertrand Weaver, a Passionist, approaches the Passion and death of Christ from an existentialist, rather than an historical, point of view; that is, instead of tracing the events of Holy Thursday and Good Friday chronologically and meditating upon their implications, he considers common human problems—getting along with other people, growing old, dying young, achieving something worthwhile, suffering—and looks to the cross for the answers to these problems. He tries to emphasize in his meditations how the cross can provide not only strength for the will but also light for the intellect.

Many of the chapters in this book were first published in *THE SIGN*, and it may be that they are best read, a little at a time, as "seeds of contemplation." As Lenten sermons, they could be touching and effective. One must admit that, although the Passion and death of Christ provide an inexhaustible wellspring of thought and prayer, this has been the subject of so much talk and writing during the last twenty centuries that to be original is almost im-

possible. Collected together into a book, the meditations which comprise *His Cross in Your Life*, despite Father Weaver's obvious sincerity and unsentimentality, and his somewhat unusual approach, are nevertheless rather repetitious.

GENEVIEVE M. CASEY.

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

By Dietrich von Hildebrand.
Bruce. 242 pages. \$4.25

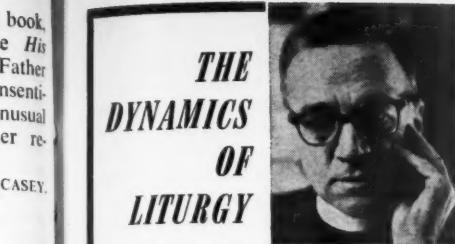
This latest work by the distinguished Catholic philosopher illustrates the distance which lies between plodding, pedestrian thinkers and the true philosopher who is creative in grasp, original in his *oeuvre*, and quickening in his commentary. A prolific writer and remarkable in range, Dr. von Hildebrand has recently been honored by the publication at Fordham University Press of a testimonial volume, *The Human Person and the World of Values*, to which Marcel Maritain, and others have contributed.

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formation in Christ (a work of the most profound and classical dimensions) have been reissued this year.

What is Philosophy? cannot fail but to further the esteem which von Hildebrand enjoys. Repudiating scientism and psychologism, the work considers how the mind knows reality and surveys the particular realm of philosophical knowledge, its forms, object, themes, and characteristics.

Repeated use of participles does not always aid the somewhat angular style of writing, but it does manifest the dynamic character of von Hildebrand's response.

Not the least value of the book is the brief exposition of the nature of Phenomenology by its eminent exponent. I found particularly helpful his approach to art criticism. Rejecting the historian's method or that of the psychographer, the phenomenologist "concentrates on the very nature of the work of art itself, its beauty, its atmosphere, and tries to grasp the specific character and individuality of this work by an intuitive delving into it."

The final chapter, "The Meaning of Philosophy for Man," is a sensitive statement which sometimes modulates into meditation. The entire work is a rare display of that serenely vital perceptivity which belongs to the tradition of sublime thought.

There is a helpful index.

WILLIAM A. MCBRIEN, PH.D.

MAKING THE LATER YEARS COUNT

By Austin J. App. 177 pages.
Bruce. \$3.95

This is an important discussion of an increasingly important subject and one which has not as yet had too much attention from Catholic readers.

In trying to prepare modern men and women for a "healthy, well-provided, and blessed old age," Dr. App sets himself a broad and deep task. The beginning and end of his book are, as they should be, on a spiritual plane—considering old age as a preparation for eternity. The general connection between virtue and health is rightly stressed, in spite of its obvious and tragic exceptions. And one might add that the longevity so often found in religious communities is due not only to physical abstemiousness and inner peace but also to the absence of those temporal anxieties which beset most lay people. With the over-all idea of "making the most of our years," the chapters stress finding our best work and doing it as long as may be—with the possibility of a helpful avocation or even vocation later on. They urge keeping the mind fit by continued activity, the body by being "sensibly prudent," and the

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Obviously, the author has done wide research in sources bearing upon geriatrics, and his pages bristle with statistics. They also bristle with optimism. Perhaps it is not as easy as his well-ordered mind conceives to find families willing and able to welcome elderly relatives—or even to find Catholic nursing homes for the large, middle-bracket midway between penury and opulence. But cheerfulness is a happy fault. If our oldsters cannot welcome age with the ecstasy of Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," they can at least hold fast to Barrie's maxim that "all goes if courage goes." Dr. App's book should help them to the conviction of being needed and wanted.

KATHERINE BREGY.

LADIES, GENTLEMEN, & EDITORS

By Walter Davenport &
James Dericu.

Doubleday. 386 pages. \$4.95

Solid chunks of history enhance these character sketches of American editors since the 1700's when Andrew Bradford's *American Magazine* competed for readers with Benjamin Franklin's *General Magazine*.

The authors, former *Collier's* editors, present their survey of American journalism through the strong personalities who made their magazines either famous or infamous, but generally effective.

We learn about William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist, and Samuel McClure, the muckraker. There is a chapter on Frank Leslie, whose fight for clean milk saved countless babies, and Edward Bok, who crusaded against patent medicines that were mostly dope. Then there was George Horace Lorimer, reformer of another ilk. It was he who replaced such fiction as "Nell's Garden" or "Arthur's Broken Vow" with the stories of Bret Harte, Rudyard Kipling, and Stephen Crane, in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Bok and Lorimer are clearly the heroes of Davenport's and Dericu's chronicle. But they have a heroine too: Sarah Hale, who edited *Godey's Lady's Book*. They admire her good sense about clothes, child care, and women's rights, praise her for publishing Edgar Allan Poe and James Russell Lowell, and tell how she defended nuns and convent education during the Maria Monk scandal and Know-Nothing riots.

Ladies, Gentlemen, & Editors has real value. If its writing is too often weakened by slang and strident journalese, it nonetheless gives a striking and unusual picture of America's changeful culture.

CLORINDA CLARKE.

STOP PUSHING!

By Dan Herr.
Doubleday.

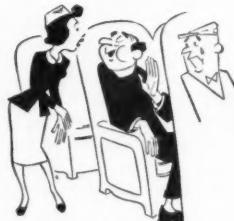
192 pages.
\$3.50



Dan Herr

Who is Dan Herr? He is a fellow who writes a column for *The Critic*, a review of books and the arts published by the Thomas More Association, of which he is the president. He is a fellow who gets letters addressed: "Dear Herr, You Cur!" He is an unabashed Catholic liberal who is a witty and weighty warrior. In this collection of essays from his column "Stop Pushing!" Mr. Herr covers a lot of territory in a rollicking ramble through thickets of controversy, letting the quips fall as they may. He gets his say-so across in a manner that is alive with crackling directness spiced with sly humor and a touch of vinegar when needed. He can also charm us with some delightful examples of the familiar essay.

There are a lot of Catholics of the "let sleeping dogs lie" persuasion who will resent Dan Herr because he stirs up a storm, and anyway some people simply don't dig satire, especially Catholic satire. But others will rejoice to read a Catholic writer who is in deadly earnest but never deadly dull. Mr.



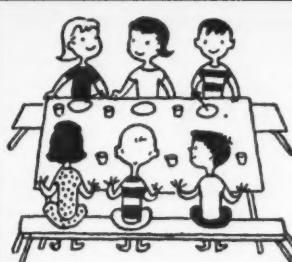
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A plane out of Los Angeles had just lifted itself over the Rockies when one motor began to spin and sputter. The stewardess looked concerned, told the passengers to fasten their seat belts—that they were going down for an emergency landing.

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Herr prefers to meet such touchy questions as racial segregation head-on, and he thrives on attacking specifics rather than wasting his ammunition on generalities.

Am I completely sold on Mr. Herr? I have a couple of reservations. I detect a smidgen of extremism and impatience here and there and one lamentable failing. This self-confessed fault is Herr's inability to comprehend the appeal of baseball. That almost makes him a subversive in my view, but then every man can't be perfect. I hope Dan Herr keeps pushing away at the false idols that he so valiantly jousts against, and good luck to him.

DOYLE HENNESSY.

I SWEAR AND VOW

By Stefan Olivier.
Doubleday.

358 pages.
\$3.95

There will always be readers for a book about medicine and its so-called inner secrets, especially now when medical exposés are frequent in the popular press. This is a readable translation of a novel from Germany where they seem to be having their problems, too.

When Dr. William Feldhusen accepted the post of Head of the Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology at a prominent hospital, he had done no major surgery for fourteen years. This fact soon becomes appallingly clear to his Senior Physician, Dr. Neugebauer, who had also applied for the job as Head. While Feldhusen charms the hospital staff, he butchers his way through several tragic cases, until with the death of a badly handled obstetrics patient, Neugebauer can stand no more. Even the warnings of his wife, a physician-friend, and his head nurse can't swerve him from his determination to expose Feldhusen, cost himself what it may. The only trouble is that he is not quite prepared for the hornet's nest he stirs up.

Although they are black-and-white contrasts, these two are believable human beings, Feldhusen by his ability to fool himself about his ability, Neugebauer in his hotheaded pursuit of justice. Their wives are the kind such men would naturally choose and help make them more than just hospital figures. The story has a fast pace, no complicated side issues, and lots of short-sentence conversation. Even the strange fact that we are told who is to die under Feldhusen's incompetence doesn't slacken the heightened suspense of this dramatic version of the justice vs. charity conflict.

PAULA BOWES.

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THE MEANING OF GRACE. By Charles Journet. 127 pages. Kenedy. \$3.50. Despite the promise of the jacket blurb, the nontheologically trained mind of the average Catholic is not likely to get much out of a straight reading through of this book. However, it does make a first-class supplementary reading source for college courses in religion, the sort of book that a teacher, once a question has been raised, can hand to a student with the comment that "Journet has some very good things to say on that point."

The book is divided into two parts. The first considers sanctifying grace, actual grace, and justification in their essence. The second takes up what Journet calls the five existential states of grace. These include the grace of Adam, grace in Old Testament times, grace after Christ, and finally grace as it affects souls at a distance from Christ.

There is a strong emphasis on Scripture, especially St. Paul. St. Thomas gets almost as much attention. And there is some unusual material on grace and the eastern religions.

THE DYNAMICS OF LITURGY. By H. A. Reinhold. 146 pages. Macmillan. \$4.75. Father Reinhold's writings on the liturgy are well known. His recent work, *Bringing the Mass to the People*, was a very interesting account of recent changes in rubrics, along with suggestions concerning possible changes in the future.

The present work approaches the liturgy from another aspect. Its theme is the liturgy as the central force of daily Christian life. The author forcefully presents the way in which an interested and intelligent person can make use of the various forms in which the Sacrifice of the Mass and the sacrament of Holy Communion are enshrined. There are also several chapters dealing with the historical development of the various liturgical forms of the Lent and Christmas cycles. The book concludes with mention of anticipated changes in the Mass prayers and the prayers in the Breviary. A useful book for anyone interested in the liturgy.

EVERYMAN'S ST. PAUL. By Vincent P. McCorry, S.J. 215 pages. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. \$3.95. This excellent book will be appreciated by both clergy and laity, because it provides a clear, concise explanation of the Epistles of St. Paul read at Sunday Mass.

The author first gives a general introduction to the Epistles by sketching a short life of St. Paul and then giving a brief account of the circumstances in which the Epistles were written. There follows a summary of the important doctrines treated by St. Paul in his letters. The second portion of the book is made up of brief discourses on the Epistles read at Sunday Mass during the year. The book deserves widespread use and will certainly help the laity participate in the Holy Sacrifice more intelligently.

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THERE IS NO "WHITE" RACE

(Continued from page 11)

prove it. This suggests that the differences are rather small.

If you think that there may be some differences, why don't you use intelligence tests to determine the mental rank of each of the races?

We would, if we knew how. As those who use tests are first to state, however, it is very hard to know when you are testing native ability and when you are testing social and economic background, as well as motivation. We know these to be powerful influences.

There certainly have been European, Mongol, and American Indian civilizations. How do you account for the lack of a distinct Negro civilization?

This is perhaps the most difficult problem to answer. It is, however, accessible to reasoning. First, there has been only one origin of civilization. This came in the Near East. All the rest of the world that came to the level of civilization can be shown to have gotten their basic start from that one center. This is true even for the American Indians, who seemed to have gotten their ideas via India and China, who in turn had gotten them from the Near East.

All the people who were out of the line of this flow of ideas remained backward. There were also laggards in all races. Even northwest Europeans were laggards for a very long time.

The Negro parts of the world were all far from the center of ideas. Negro Africa is blocked off by great deserts. The Negro world of the Pacific is remote from the Near East. Once developments moved at a quickened pace, men with advanced ideas simply went around areas held by peoples with greatly retarded cultures. The Spanish took one look at the wonders of California and went back to Mexico. There were settled, tractable, and taxable Indians there. The California Indians were too retarded culturally to yield any harvest to anyone except a missionary. A most interesting case of such lagging is found among the Ainu of Japan. They are a white race. The Japanese found them in possession of the islands. They treated them just as we did the Indians, and today the remnants of the Ainu live on reservations.

But aren't great opportunities now opening up to the Negro?

Yes. The real test of the Negro people is now before them. The spread of ideas around the world is moving at an ever quickening pace. We cannot expect to see instant results. The Negroes' opportunity in this country began one



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hundred years ago, when they were freed. We are just beginning to see what the relatively few number of Negroes who have had the good fortune and ability to get an education can do. Perhaps the number of Negro doctors and professors and business men is quite a good response to the limited opportunity they have had.

What about the future? Will we go on becoming more and more different?

No. The process of the past is now reversing. In the past, men lived in tiny groups, each traveling exceedingly little. This is a condition ideal for allowing the local variations to become fixed and for great differences to arise. Today, we have great masses of mankind with ever-increasing mobility. All of mankind seems to be on the move. In the recent past, we have been more and more rapidly moving toward convergence, through the mixing of races.

Are we still "varying" and being "selected"?

Certainly. Look at your own children. No two are alike, and none is exactly like his parents. Selection is still going on, but it is a different set of things that are now being selected for. I suppose that we in America are being selected for resistance to heart failure, ulcers, and ability to live in large communities. Where selection in the past was mostly for resistance to physical forces, we now have adequate housing and clothing for countering heat and cold and can take vitamin pills if we need them—which we seldom do. But social forces have grown more complex. We are probably already pointed toward a more sociable type of man.



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—Sister Marie Emmanuel, S.C.

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**ST. MIKE'S: BEST
OF TWO WORLDS**

(Continued from page 43)

organizations, sponsored by the Students' Administrative Council. In addition, St. Mike's students play on the university's athletic teams, speak on its debating squads, and participate in its dramatic and other cultural offerings. Bob Adams trudges across campus every Thursday evening to do his stint at the university drill hall as a flight cadet in URTP (University Reserve Training Plan).

From members of St. Mike's staff and faculty comes enlightenment as to how federation works:

► From Father Louis J. Bondy, Canadian-born head of the French Department and possessor of the Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur, a coveted honor in the academic world: "We don't have the semester system. Our academic year consists of two terms with the final examination in the spring. All French students, regardless of the colleges to which they belong, take the same exam. Each January, one of the French teachers is assigned to set the final. The individual so chosen may be from St. Mike's or from one of the other colleges.

"Much the same procedure is followed with reading lists. On occasion, I have protested the inclusion of this book or that on the grounds that it was unsuitable for St. Mike's students. In every case, my protest has been honored, at least to the extent of removing the book from the preferred list."

► From New England-born Dr. Lawrence E. M. Lynch, professor of philosophy at St. Mike's: "To grasp the significance of federation, it is well to remember that we have here not only three church-related arts colleges but also four major seminaries, each sponsored by a different denomination. The association of these four theological schools on one campus has provided experience that should prove useful in the ecumenical movement initiated by the Holy Father. Right now, in the interests of the movement, the priests in charge of our Catholic seminary are building up the scriptural curriculum in an effort to create a common ground with the other denominational groups."

► And from Father Kelly, the president: "Federation is an evolutionary process, a framework within which we assist one another. Naturally, St. Mike's must dig up the money necessary for our forthcoming new library, but the university is giving us a hand. Last year, the university put on a national fund drive. The three colleges joined in and the collections were divided. St. Mike's got \$900,000, a portion of which has been earmarked for the library."

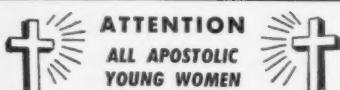
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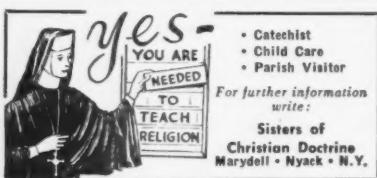
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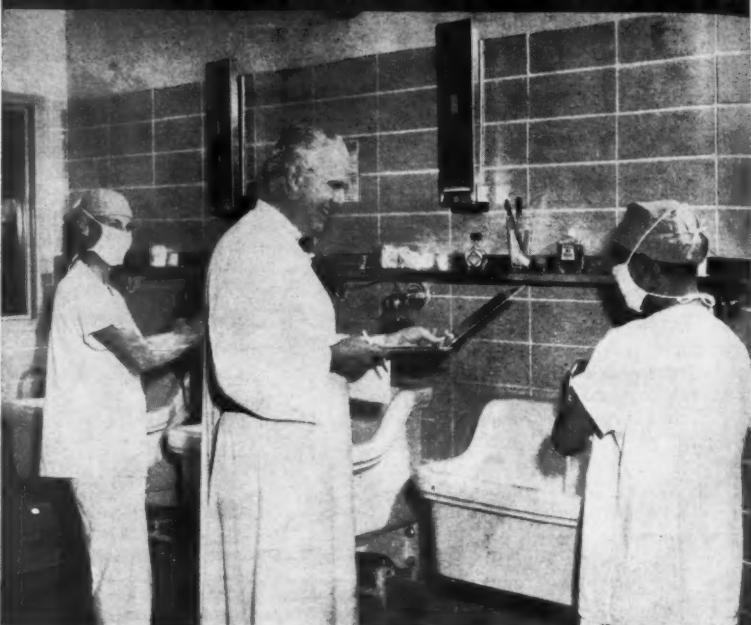
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BUSIEST LADY IN FRANCE

(Continued from page 45)

and moved his twenty-eight-year-old wife and five children to Paris.

In 1943, the Devauds left Paris and moved to Clermont-Ferrand, in south-central France and in the Unoccupied Zone, where they found a small, three-room apartment. It wasn't big enough for the family alone, but even so they were soon sharing it with a dozen refugees from the Occupied Zone who were hiding from the Vichy police. Anyone of Marcelle Devaud's energy and spirit was unlikely to be content with doing only this; she also started up food kitchens in the region and organized dispensaries and summer-vacation colonies for undernourished children from the cities.

At the Liberation in 1945, a new era dawned for the women of France. General de Gaulle's Provisional Government, in preparation for the country's first general elections, issued a decree granting women the right to vote. All parties hustled to get some outstanding women candidates on their tickets.

Marcelle Devaud's Resistance record and personal dynamism made her a natural—against her will, however. "I was sick of politics and didn't want anything more to do with it," she recalls today. "My youngest child, Jean-Dominique, was only a baby of two, and the others, of course, were all still going to school. I knew all too well how little time I would have to spend with them if I won a seat. But I finally had to give in."

Elected a senator on the Gaullist party ticket for the Seine *département* (i.e., Paris), Mme. Devaud rapidly made a name for herself as one of the ablest of the new women parliamentarians. In 1948, after her re-election, Senate colleagues in turn elected her a vice-president of their chamber.

Dossiers, reports, speeches, articles—all of these are thrust aside and left behind when France's busy, lady deputy-mayor heads south in August for a well-earned vacation. Generally, she and her husband go to the little village where he was born in the Isère region, between Lyons and Grenoble, and where his mother and brother, the parish priest, still live.

Marcelle Devaud likes to spend this one real respite of the year going on outings and drives with her children and grandchildren. "And of course," she adds, "there is the rare pleasure of catching up on some lost sleep—and reading something besides dreary reports." Her reading tastes? "I'm fond of Péguy and Bergson," says Marcelle Devaud. "Philosophers have always had a great deal of influence on me—witness the fact that I married one!"



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